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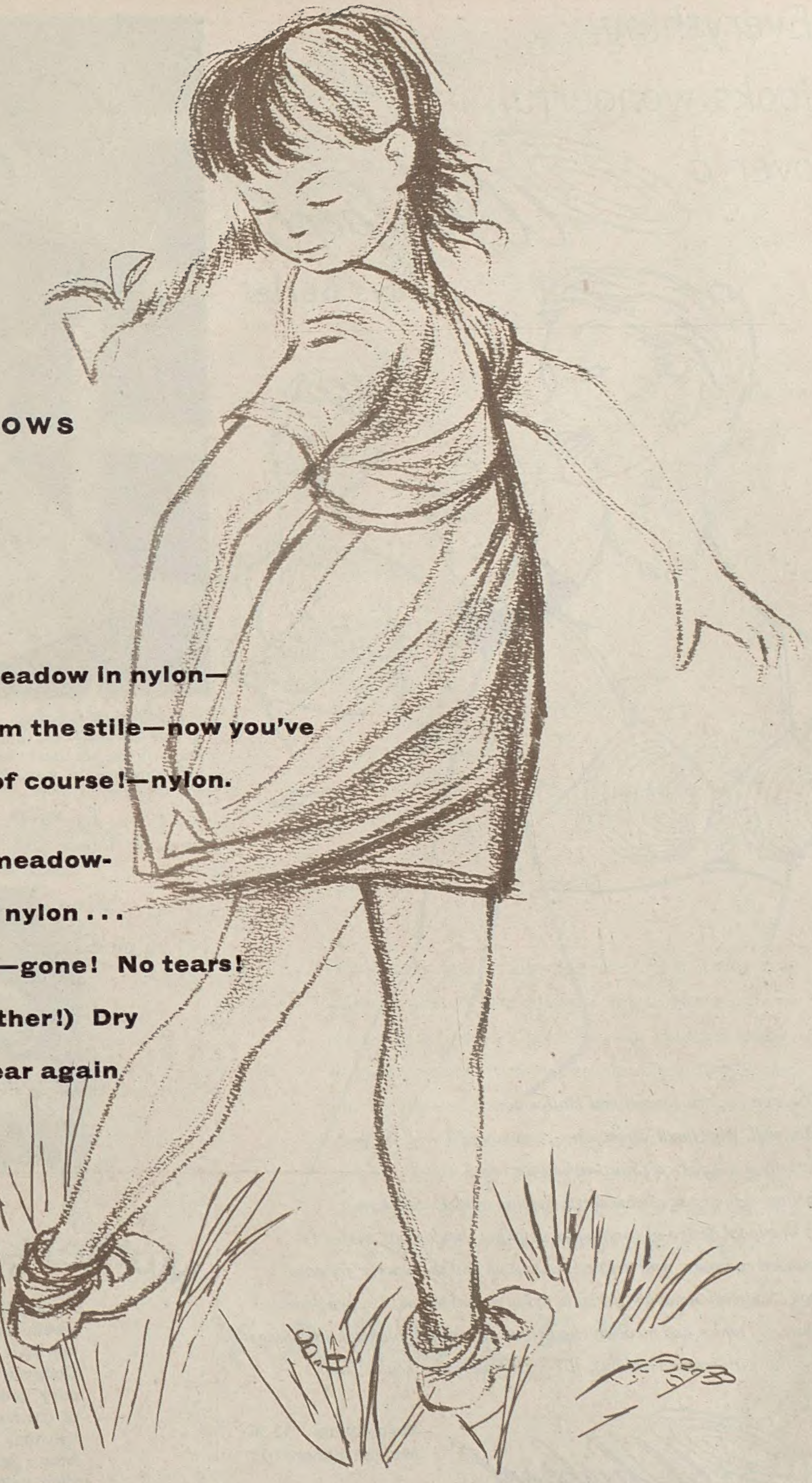

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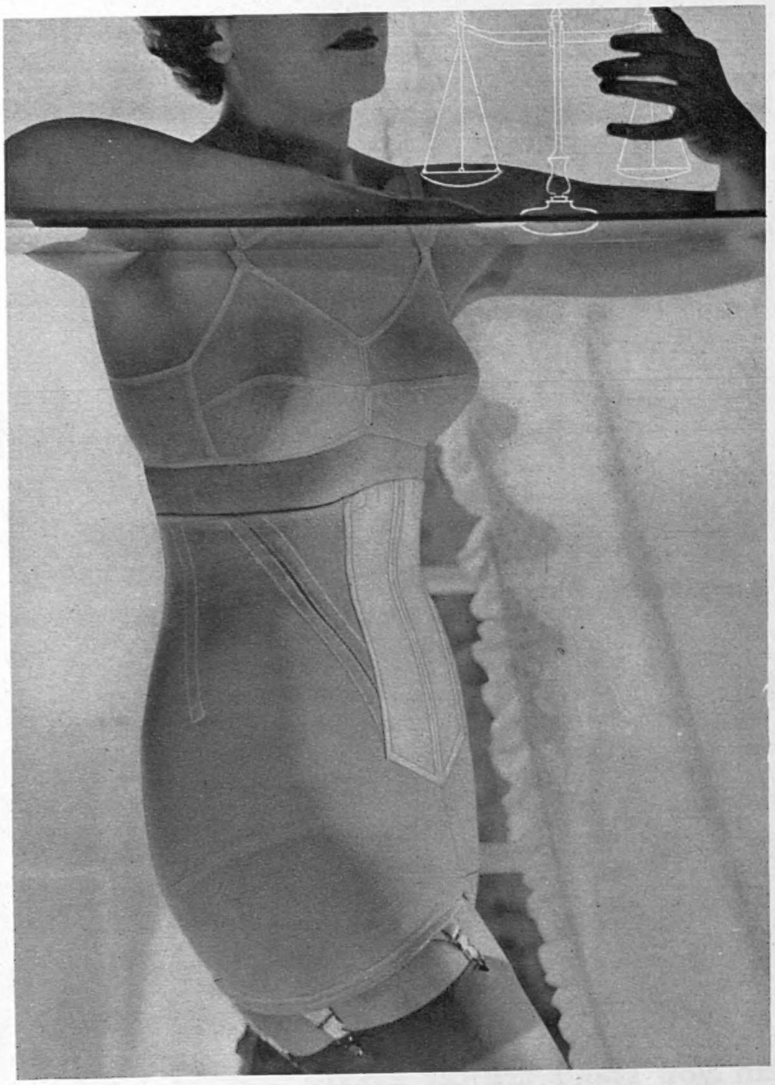

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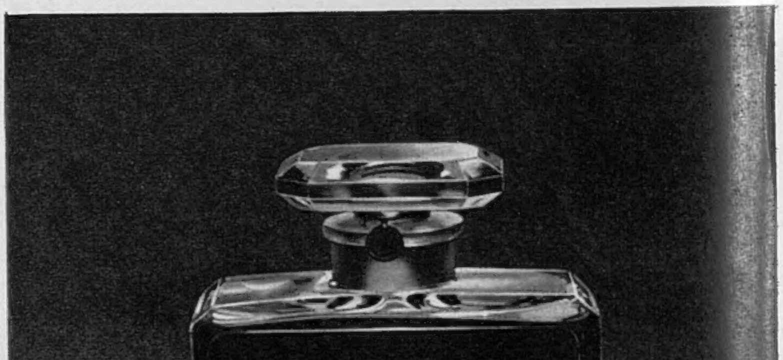

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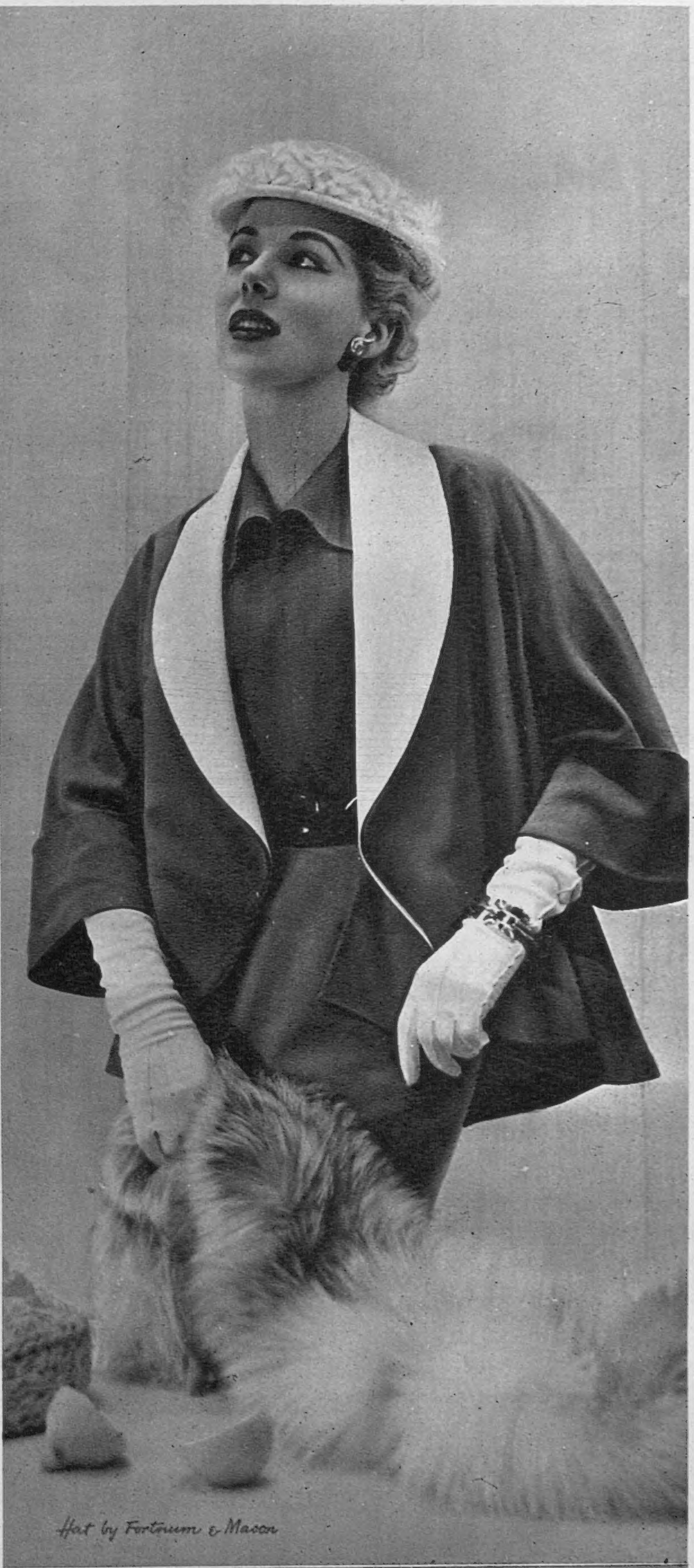

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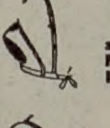

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1952

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

TO LIVE— AND DIE—AGAIN

Tamara Toumanova is to make a film about the life of Anna Pavlova, and here she is ready to begin the Dying Swan dance which that great ballerina made famous. Toumanova has much of the same physical quality as Pavlova; an etched and faintly Gothic look, her face and hands long and pointed. The real Pavlova is no more than a glimpse in the memories of the middle-aged, but she is a legend to us all and we shall welcome her re-creation by Toumanova, who is now appearing with the Festival Ballet at the Stoll.

JUDGMENT DAY—FOR ARTISTS.—The Royal Academy Selection Committee, under the chairmanship of the President, Sir Gerald Kelly, is hard at work for weeks before the Summer Exhibition. Sir Gerald appears to be playing with a toy windmill, but he is, in fact, holding up a cross to indicate that he rejects the picture in front of him; other members of the committee hold up their hands in accord.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

IT was pleasant to see a fair amount during his recent visit to London of an old friend, Señor Luis Bolin, who is the Director-General of the Spanish State Tourist Department. He was over here to make arrangements for this year's tourist season, for he believes that, owing to the £25 limit and Spain's incredible cheapness, even more people from this country than the 150,000 who went last year will be going there this year.

The Costa Brava, that lovely 100 miles of coast between Barcelona and the French frontier, which the British "discovered" last year, is, I gather, virtually packed out from June until October. "We are thinking," said Señor Bolin, "of putting up '*Standing Room Only*' notices." Spain is, however, a vast country with every kind of climate and every kind of sport, from ski-ing in the Pyrenees and in the mountains fifty minutes' drive from Madrid, to water ski-ing at the Mediterranean resorts. He did issue a warning to any of the British visitors who are planning to fish the six fine salmon and innumerable excellent trout rivers (total cost, including living expenses and licences, about 24s. a day), that they had better hurry up and make their bookings. So to fishing friends I duly pass on this warning.

I see that one paper described Luis Bolin as "looking like an Englishman and speaking English like an American with an English accent." Except for the hint of Americanisation, that is a pretty accurate description. He is tall, good-looking, and has spent about a third of his life here, having, as he said, spent "part of my bachelorhood in 'sunny' Chelsea and the early days of my married life in 'romantic' South Kensington."

ALTHOUGH Luis Bolin now is not in any way associated with politics, he has done more to improve Anglo-Spanish relations than any politician on either side can claim to have done, by attracting so many British visitors to Spain. British visitors, fed for fifteen years on Left-wing propaganda, who went to Spain in fear and trembling have been agreeably surprised to find that they have not been beaten up, and that in all respects except that of parliamentary political discussion, Spain is considerably freer than we are in this regulation-logged island. To such visitors it will be less easy to sell the out-of-date slogans of our Left-wing friends. Of course, the Nationalists in the Civil War, by paying small attention to propaganda, have only themselves to blame that such a fantastic picture of their country and their cause was built up over the years by astute Left-wing propagandists. Lies have long legs, and if you allow a lie even a few minutes' start, you never catch up with it. And what a magnificent collection of whoppers that conflict produced! Carlos Gonzalez, of the famous sherry firm, Gonzalez Byass (and if you want to know what real Spanish hospitality is, try and wangle yourself an invitation to their Bodegas in Jerez), was in London during the early part of the Civil War, and kept a complete collection of all the cuttings about it which appeared in our Press. Looking at them to-day it seems almost incredible

that we could have swallowed those fantastic communiqués.

I remember one story when the relieving column was on its way to raise the siege of the Alcazar. The Reds put out a communiqué describing how, with that cunning which is only given to "properly constituted Liberal democratic parliamentary régimes," they had opened the dams in the mountains, and a wall of water 50 ft. high had swept 10,000 rebels to their doom at one point, submerged 500 tanks at another, and so on. (I remember idly wondering at the time how the Reds had come to be so fortunate as to find all these men and vehicles in the bed of the river at the same time, but this was only a passing thought.) I was much impressed by the activities of the "map men" of some of our Left-wing papers who had painstakingly drawn arrows and labels which read: "Dam opened here—water 50 ft. high here—10,000 rebels swept to doom here," etc. Later in the day I happened to meet Carlos in St. James's Street and remarked: "Your situation seems to be pretty bad, isn't it?" To which he replied: "Yes, my dear Toby, and it is much worse than you think. You see," he went on, "we thought that as we were fighting for the Church, we might reasonably have expected to have God on our side, but no, it cannot be true. You see, only God can make water flow *uphill*!" Very shortly afterwards the Alcazar was relieved by a comparatively small column which had suffered not a single casualty by immersion!

Though the Nationalists were appallingly bad at stating their case, they did, however, just before the Red collapse, have the wit to add up all the Red communiqués. This showed that the Reds had advanced in distance almost to California (and were seriously threatening Los Angeles); that they had shot down some 100,000 aircraft, destroyed some 50,000 tanks, and had taken prisoner roughly double the total population of Spain!

ALTHOUGH, as I say, he has no interest in politics these days, it was Luis Bolin who, with Major Hugh Pollard and a couple of blondes and an English aircraft, smuggled Franco from the Canaries to Tetuan at the beginning of the revolt. Whatever you may think about Franco, the story itself is one of the most exciting real-life adventure stories which has *never* been written. One or two garbled versions by people who had had no connection with the event have appeared, but Luis tells me that he has never written it himself. Indeed, the only short and reliable version that I know appears in Douglas Jerrold's *Georgian Adventure*. Unfortunately, I lent this book to a Harley Street friend of mine some three years ago, and have never succeeded in getting it back. Perhaps this will prick his conscience. I dislike lending books unless I get (as I always give) an I.O.U. In the case of *Georgian Adventure* I know—or at least I hope I do—where it is.

Another treasured possession, however, has disappeared. This is *The Stuffed Owl*—an anthology of bad verse collected by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. I wanted to quote from it the other day to a friend, particularly from the works of Miss Hannah Moore—the "sweet singer of Michigan," a morbid lady of whom a late nineteenth - century critic wrote: "Hannah is worse than a Gatling-gun. I have counted six dead and over twenty wounded in her latest volume." It was Hannah Moore, I think, though now I cannot be sure, who wrote a poem on the loss of one of the early United States submarines, which contained the immortal stanza:

Entrapped inside the submarine,
With death advancing on the scene,
The men composed their minds to dice,
More for the pleasure than the vice.

"Will you stop that racket! — I'm trying to get some sleep!"

Of course, as a nation we have no cause to mock. Our Poets Laureate and major poets figure prominently—Wordsworth, Tennyson and Alfred Austin leading the field. The last-named contributed: "He fell upon his hands in warm, wet slop," which comes close to Ruskin's apostrophe of his heart: "Thou little bounder, rest."

I recommend to Anthony Head, or to Sidney Rogerson (who has just been lent by I.C.I. to take on that important public relations job at the War Office), the patriotic verses of the late Mr. Mackay, which, if reprinted, might do much to stimulate recruiting. Owing to the confounded book thief, I can only recall the opening stanzas of *The Volunteers*, which ran, if I remember rightly, something like this (and which contain a thinly veiled defiance of the French, who in the '80's and '90's were expected to occupy the rôle allotted to them by Mr. Mackay):

Come if you dare, reivers and raiders,
Come if you dare to our beautiful shore,
Come if you dare, saucy invaders,
Many or few you'll return never more.

These small extracts from this lost volume will give you some impression as to why I do not approve of book borrowers.

RECENTLY I attended one of the typical ceremonies of the City of London. It took place in one of those peculiar and rather charming little alleys which are characteristic of the City. The occasion was the Tercentenary of the first Coffee House in the City of London, now known as the Jamaica Wine House, on which a plaque was to be unveiled. Rain was falling, and the distinguished members of the Coffee Buyers' Association, surrounded by the heads of the Diplomatic Missions of the main coffee-drinking countries, including our old friend the doyen, Senhor Moniz de Aragao, stood peering sadly out under their hats and umbrellas. As soon as the Lord Mayor began his speech, we were told by the City dignitaries that our hats must come off. Again rather sadly, we raised our hats and the cold rain of early spring dripped upon our middle-aged heads. Half-way through his speech the Lord Mayor said that in spite of protocol he would much prefer us all to put on our hats and raise our umbrellas. I noticed one or two of the elder dignitaries of the City looking a trifle shocked, but the Serjeant-at-Arms chose that moment to borrow an umbrella and hold it over the bare head of the Lord Mayor himself. That finally let us out.

MY impression is that the Customs men are always reasonable if you behave reasonably towards them. My sympathies, therefore, were entirely with the Customs officer at Dover on my recent return from Switzerland, who was being stormed at by a gentleman whom he wanted to pay 30s. for what looked like a dozen pairs of nylon stockings. The Preventive Officer, I think, won game, set and match when he said to the gentleman: "Do you wear nylons yourself, Sir?" and went on to point out that as an act of grace, a certain number of pairs of stockings were allowed in free of duty to ladies.

Incidentally, if you are *going* to make a fuss, it is unwise—when you are not allowed to take more than £5 sterling abroad—to produce two £5-notes to pay your duty. I think he was lucky to get away with that one!

Toby O'Brien

AT HIS WORK TABLE. Ernest Raymond does all his writing, by hand, at this table in his study; the desk, which can just be seen by the window, is reserved for letters and business.

IN THE HALL. Mrs. Raymond dusting a lovely bow-fronted Hepplewhite chest of drawers on which stands a Sèvres clock.

Below: AT HER WORK TABLE. Diana Raymond types her own work and her husband's at this table in the drawing-room. The piece of Sèvres china in the corner is one of a pair; the silver tray was presented to her husband in his early days as a parson.

TEA-TIME. The Raymonds' ten-year-old son Peter is being kindly waited on by his father. The white and gold tea-set is Spode.

At Home to "The Sketch"

MR. and MRS. ERNEST RAYMOND

ON THE HEATH. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Raymond out with Peter. As both are so interested in Keats and Shelley it is pleasant for them to live so near Keats's House and the Vale of Health where he and Shelley used to visit Leigh Hunt. In Well Walk, which leads to The Pryors, there used to be an old coach house which was a favourite haunt of Keats.

The Raymonds live right on the edge of Hampstead Heath, in a big block of flats called The Pryors, which has a charming garden. Mr. Raymond has written many excellent novels; among them *Gentle Greaves* and *We, The Accused*, stand out; his first, written when he was very young, was *Tell England*. On June 5 Cassels are publishing his new book about Keats and Shelley, called *Two Gentlemen of Rome*, and on the same date the same publisher brings out *Joanna Linden*, a novel by Diana Raymond, Mr. Raymond's wife, thus making the day a real family occasion. She has also written a play called *John Keats Lived Here*, which was given a Sunday night production at Wyndham's, with Denholm Elliot as Keats, and was later televised.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

To be Presented to the Queen

Miss Virginia Peto, in her white and pearls, is ready to go through the social whirl. She is also interested in politics. Her parents are Major and Mrs. John Peto, and she is a granddaughter of Sir Basil Peto.

Miss Margaret Stucley is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. D. F. B. Stucley, of Hartland Abbey in North Devon ; a dance is being given for her this summer. She is a granddaughter of Lord and Lady Poltimore, who live in Southern Rhodesia. Most girls long to wear black ; Miss Stucley has achieved a little.

The Hon. Sarah Long is the daughter of the late Viscount Long and the Countess of Dudley, who was originally Miss Laura Charteris. A June dance is being given for Miss Long at her stepfather's house at King's Langley. Her father was killed in action during the war.

White tulle and white satin are being set like sails to launch the fleet of young girls now coming out. Six of them are shown here, and in our Fashion Portfolio (pages 347-351) Mrs. Bibury and her daughter Charlotte, of the new *Sketch* family, are seen going through a typical day in the life of a mother and daughter during the season.

Photographed by Lenare.

Miss Shelagh O'Brien is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien who was the Hon. Eileen de la Poer Beresford before her marriage and is a sister of Lord Decies. She is giving a dance on July 2 with Lady Reynolds for Miss Shelagh O'Brien and Miss Marilyn Reynolds.

Lady **Marye Pepys** is the eldest of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham's three daughters and one of the prettiest débutantes. Two dances are being given for her; one on June 6 at her parents' home at Coolham, and another on July 4 at Eridge Castle, the home of her grandparents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny.

Miss Virginia Estcourt is the daughter of Mrs. Edward Barford, who is giving a dance for her on July 18 at Rowney Priory, near Ware, to which the family have lately moved from their flat in Orchard Court. Miss Estcourt, having finished her education in Paris, is now studying dramatic art.

CHEZ LA LIMONADIÈRE DES TUILERIES. The straw-sucking child is the artist's younger daughter ; the view of the Tuileries behind her gives some idea of his accomplishment as a landscape painter.

PRINTEMPS EN BANLIEUE. Blossoms above and beneath them, these young girls are hardly yet aware of their own first blooming ; their beauty is caught at its fleeting moment of dewy innocence.

JEUNES FILLES EN FLEURS

These derivative but decorative pictures of girls in Paris are by Dietz Edzard, a Parisian painter who exhibited here once before, in 1935. These recent works are being shown at Tooth's Gallery ; to-morrow is the last day of the exhibition officially, but the pictures will remain at the gallery for a few days longer.

NOCE EN BANLIEUE. The children look with awe and wonder at the bride who confidently toasts her future.

DANSEUSE EN ROBE JAUNE. The dancer in her yellow dress is painted against the blue-tinged grey of a back-stage setting.

Photographed by Eric Ager.

FAMILY GROUP

Lord and Lady Northampton and their four children are photographed at their home, Castle Ashby, Northampton. Spencer Douglas David, Earl Compton (*right*) was six last week, on April 2 ; his brother, Lord William James Bingham Compton, was born in 1947. The Ladies Judith and Elizabeth Compton are both older ; they were born in 1943 and 1944 respectively. Lady Northampton, before her marriage in 1942, was Miss Virginia Heaton. To be seen just behind her head in the drawing-room is an attractive needlework screen.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MARCH 20.—A round of the picture galleries was certainly full of variety. At the R.I. Galleries in Piccadilly there is the 140th annual exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours. The walls are covered with non-committally pretty pictures of average size; apart from landscapes and heads of interesting old men, there is quite a bower of flowers—close-ups of nature-sized magnolia blossoms, etc. Plenty of animals too; bulls brooding among straw, pumas chewing their prey in the snow and kind-looking Polar bears.

André Marchand at the Wildenstein is rather violent; being fond of blood-red he is good at bull-fights. At the Hanover, Massimo Campigli paints the innocent occupations of young ladies who look rather like dolls made out of cotton-reels. They play cat's-cradles and Diabolo, wind wool, plait their hair, bathe in shallow water and eat ices.

MARCH 21.—Went to have a drink with Kieran Tunney, whose play, *Marriage Playground*, written in collaboration with Simon Wardell, has just been bought for the West End by Peter Saunders. Simon Wardell was there, on a visit to England from Nassau, where he has been living. He has bought forty miles of coast on a deserted island in the Bahamas called Andros, and is developing it—making harbours, a yacht club and so on—and friends of his, including Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, who was Audrey Marshall-Field, and Mr. Frederick Sigrist, the well-known Nassau millionaire, are building houses there for themselves. Also at Mr. Tunney's flat was Mr. John Synge, co-author with him of *A Priest in the Family*, which is likely soon to be going on tour, and may be getting a production in America. Miss Barbara Reiss, who lives with her mother in a charming house in Chester Street, came with Mr. Synge. Sir Edward Marsh, whose lifelong interest in all the arts has always included encouragement of the young, was also there; so was Mr. John Trafford, who started the Trafford Gallery in Mount Street about two years ago. He has a very elegant and ladylike blue Bedlington dog with a weakness for drink; she doesn't bother people at all, but has a sharp eye for an unguarded glass!

Later in the evening there was a new kind of dance at Londonderry House, organised by a committee of friends who felt that people who couldn't afford to give a private dance would all be glad to buy tickets for a non-profit-making party among themselves. Mr. John Rogers, Mr. Tony Ingram and Mr. Walter Tuckwell were the organisers; for 12s. 6d. a head they laid on Tim Clayton's band and Miss Mave Leslie, who sang two songs. Sandwiches and, at midnight, breakfast were available, and drinks were to be had at saloon-bar prices. Mrs. Peta Rogers was hon. secretary, and people there included Mr. Adrian Ames, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Cmdr. and Mrs. Harcourt Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks-Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Beckett and about 300 more.

MARCH 19.—ROYAL ESCORT. Prince Georg of Denmark, Military Attaché in London, and his wife, Princess Ann, photographed at Northolt with some of the 25 children who are being sent to a Danish sanatorium for six months.

MARCH 20.—AT LINGFIELD PARK. The winner of the Skeynes Amateur Riders' Handicap Steeplechase, Mr. Harvey Oliver's *Abbot of Knowle*, leads the field over a fence, the owner's son up. *The Canuk*, *Western Slipper*, *Erin's Delight* and *League* follow.

MARCH 20.—AGOG AT ART. Mr. Christmas Humphreys, Q.C., President of the London Buddhist Society, went to the Irving Galleries to see the Spring Assembly of the East and West Art Society. Mrs. Usharani Hooja of Delhi is with him.

MARCH 22.—THE QUEEN A GODMOTHER. The Queen was godmother by proxy to Caroline Elizabeth Longman, seen at her christening with, *l. to r.*, the Master of Elphinstone, Miss Marigold Bridgeman, Mr. Mark and Lady Elizabeth Longman, parents, the Rev. Simon Phipps and Lady Caroline Gilmour.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MARCH 24.—STATE VISIT. King Gustaf of Sweden and Queen Louise paid a State visit to Denmark. *L. to r.*, King Frederick of Denmark, Queen Louise of Sweden, Queen Ingrid of Denmark and King Gustaf of Sweden.

MARCH 25.—SPANISH MARQUIS TRAINING HIS HORSE. The Marquis de Portago (*left*) riding his Grand National entry, *Icy Calm*, on a training gallop at Wye Racecourse. In the race the horse will be ridden by R. Emery, the French jockey (*right*), who is on *Le Drôle*.

MARCH 26.—THE LINCOLNSHIRE. The first big flat race of the season was won by Mr. C. Olliff-Lee's *Phariza*, ridden by Dominic Forte, a sixteen-year-old apprentice. *Streatley* and *La Princesse*, which were second and third, were also ridden by apprentices.

MARCH 22.—The Portman Hunt Point-to-Point course is a particularly good one since they moved it to Crab Tree Farm, Shapwick, last year. There is a fine view of each fence and plenty of room for the gigantic crowd that always flocks there. The Master, Sir Peter Farquhar, who used to hunt the Meynell, shows such good sport that people are now boxing their horses for miles to hunt with the Portman. His wife is a brilliant horsewoman and is always beautifully turned out. Mrs. John Watney, who before her marriage was Miss Carol Cunninghame, won the Adjacent Hunts race with her *Fearless Imp*, ridden by her husband. *Skittles*, South and West Wilts, owned by Mr. Geoffrey White, was second and Mr. Rendell's *Marchæletta*, Blackmore Vale, third. The Ladies' Race, which was also the Open Race, drew a big field of first-class horses. Miss Hervey Murray won it on her game mare *Gay Peri*, which she hunts with the Portman ; this was a very popular win by a local horse, owner-ridden. Miss Bridget Clowes was second on her *Cæsar IV.*, and the South Dorset *Dark Tapster*, ridden by Miss Susan Terry, third. The weather was bright and very blowy and every other woman wore a head-scarf and sun-glasses with her tweed suit.

MARCH 23.—Among people entertaining in Ireland at the week-end were Lord and Lady Mountcharles at Slane Castle, County Meath. The castle is attractively poised by the Boyne and has a pink-and-green drawing room ; Mr. and Mrs. Randal Plunkett and Mrs. Ian Farquhar went over to lunch from Dunsany, which Lord Dunsany has made over to Mr. Plunkett who is his only son. It is a beautiful early Gothic Revival house and lovely inside, as Mrs. Plunkett has excellent taste. Her first husband, who was killed in the war, was Baron de Rutzen ; she was originally Miss Sheila Philipps, sister of Sir John Philipps, of Picton Castle. Her daughter, Miss de Rutzen, came out last year and a splendid dance was given for her, at which a room was ingeniously disguised as a night-club to which the party "went on" after midnight.

The Plunkett party also went to see Sir Charles and Lady Birkin, who moved in January into a pretty, small house near Dublin. Like George III. and Queen Charlotte when they lived at the small palace at Kew, the Birkins have a separate house for their children. Charles Birkin has a large screen entirely covered with Press cuttings dating back to the 'twenties, thereby proving the durable quality of *The Sketch* were any proof needed.

Lord and Lady Fingall, connections of Lord Dunsany and with the same family name, are living on the estate of their old home, Killeen Castle, Dunsany. In his youth, as Lord Killeen, Lord Fingall was a famous amateur jockey.

MARCH 26.—GOLF AT SUNNINGDALE. The Sunningdale Open Foursomes started to-day and went on for two more days. The Vicomtesse de Saint Sauveur (*left*) and her partner, Mrs. I. Cowper, are watching their opponents drive off.

MARCH 27.—BOOTED AND SPURRED. The Duchess of Norfolk, dressed for action, photographed with Lady Rosebery at the Old Berkeley (West) Hunter Trials which were at Russell Farm, Wendover Dene. Hunters will soon be going out to grass until cubbing begins.

MARCH 24.—There was a meeting at 203, Knightsbridge to make plans for the British Sailors' Society, the oldest and biggest society for the succour of sailors. Admiral Lord Chatfield and the Dowager Lady Dillon were there to greet people and the immediate project was a bridge party at the London Club on April 3; among the people who took tables for this were Lady Newnes, Mrs. Gordon Moore, Lady Du Cane, Lady Mary Hope and Lady Bethell. A future plan is for a Trafalgar Day fair at 6, Stanhope Gate on (of course!) October 21. Lord Nelson, the Admiral's descendant, is the patron, and several Embassies and Legations have already promised stalls, including the Americans, the Dutch (who will sell bulbs), India and Pakistan.

At the meeting, both Lord Chatfield and Sir Kenneth Swan made speeches about the history and aims of the B.S.S. Sir Kenneth, who was in the Navy during the First World War, often found it useful, once in the case of a D.B.S., which, he had to explain, meant Distressed British Seaman. Lord Chatfield, before he joined the Royal Navy, was in the Merchant Service, and his father was chairman of the Royal Mail Line, so seamen everywhere are his pigeon.

MARCH 25.—The Dutch Ambassador, Mr. E. M. Van Verduynen, and Mr. Rex Nankivell, director of the Redfern Gallery, were both away on the day of the cocktail party private view of the last fifty years of Dutch painting. Baron W. J. G. Gevers and Mr. Harold Tatlock-Miller deputised for them and there were plenty of people seething about in the large rooms of the Gallery, including the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, and Mme. Massigli, Lord and Lady Wakehurst, the Spanish Cultural Attaché, Don Francisco de Salas, Freda, Lady Listowel, and, among painters, Mr. Victor Pasmore and Mr. Julian Trevelyan. Dutch art has certainly changed in the last fifty years; Van Gogh's work was the only recognisable link. There was lots of abstract stuff of an international nature, and a variety of landscapes, still-lifes and compositions. Eyck Charles's pictures showed signs of being influenced by Van Gogh; Constant produced a convincing bicycle accident called *Scorched Earth*; and there were some people with very big heads like Easter Island effigies called *People of Spakenburg*, by Gestel Leo. The collection is insured for £1,500,000, and is largely the responsibility of Miss Margrit Ten Holte, who is the whole of the one-woman Dutch Department of Art and Science.

MARCH 27.—There was a meeting at Grosvenor House to plan for the England Ball on June 12. The preservation of rural England is the cause, and sounds a good one, population permitting; the cost of all kinds of travel should help it as much as anything. Distinguished patrons and committee members would fill a page; Lady Galway is president and Lady Halifax vice-president, and there is a junior committee, which is a good idea. Its members include Miss Caroline Grenfell, Lord Grenfell's nineteen-year-old daughter; Miss Ann Denison-Pender, Miss Venetia Heber-Percy, and a dozen more, all young.

MARCH 27.—THE OAKLEY POINT-TO-POINT. *Left:* Mr. J. Mason talking to Mr. M. D. Hunt. *Right:* Taking a fence, (*l. to r.*) Mr. T. E. Phipps on his *Tarpat*; Mr. R. H. Beechener on *The Minstrel's Niece*; the winner, *Corn Mill*, M. Fountaine up; and Mr. R. H. Roberts on his *Bedley Boy*.

MARCH 27.—WITH POSIES AND SPORRANS. Mr. Michael Joicey, Lord Joicey's heir, married Miss Elizabeth Leslie Melville, daughter of Col. Ian Leslie Melville, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. They were attended by a bevy of boys and girls.

MARCH 27.—AUGUSTUS JOHN. Our greatest living painter, now a writer too, at the Foyle's Literary Luncheon given in his honour at the Dorchester to mark the publication of *Chiaroscuro*.

MARCH 28.—PLAQUE TO HER GRANDMOTHER. Miss Sarah Churchill, who is Mrs. Antony Beauchamp in private life, unveils a plaque marking the birthplace of Miss Jennie Jerome, the Prime Minister's mother, in New York. Mr. H. A. Hobson, British Consul in New York, is with her.

MARCH 28.—TABLE TENNIS TROPHY. Lady Swaythling, vice-president of the English T.T.A., presenting the Iran Cup to Mr. K. Asakia, Chief Japanese Government Representative in the U.K., who received the cup on behalf of the Japanese winners.

MARCH 29.—BRIDES IN THE BLIZZARD. *On the left* is Miss Phyllis Gordon Stewart before her marriage to M. Pierre Yakovlev. Mr. F. W. Doidge, New Zealand High Commissioner, gave her away. *On the right:* Mr. John Foyle and Miss Margaret White after their wedding.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MARCH 27.—There were lots of distinguished guests at Foyle's Literary Luncheon in honour of Mr. Augustus John, whose O.M. is indeed well merited, and marking the publication of *Chiaroscuro.* Lord Mottistone, as chairman, made the first speech ; he was followed by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., who, quoting from *Henry V.*, said, " Old men forget," but that he would never forget his first meeting with Augustus John, then young and amazingly handsome. There were loud sounds of agreement all round when Sir Gerald said that John was an outsize in great men with an amount of talent that is rarely seen.

Lord Waverley spoke next and described being drawn by John, who was told his subject sometimes looked like a Roman Emperor and sometimes like a butler. " Of course," John answered, " all good butlers look like Roman emperors." He replied shortly and delightfully to the admiring speeches, saying he felt like two people—" the old painter, and the young writer who has just cropped up."

Mr. T. W. Earp spoke a few final words, proudly proclaiming to be a speaking likeness of his portrait by John. He said that if a Pope could become known as a Titian and a King as a Velasquez, he was happy to feel that an Earp had become a John.

Others at the luncheon were Lord Pakenham, Lord Longford's brother, and Lady Pakenham ; Sir John Rothenstein ; Mr. Robert Gibbings, of softly-flowing river fame, tremendous in a tremendous beard ; Sir John Squire, also ruggedly bearded ; and many writers and critics enjoying a lunch which began with salmon and ended with baba au rhum, fruit salad and ice-cream, all crammed, like a schoolboy's dream, on one plate.

MARCH 28.—Saw James Bailey, who gives the impression of living a life of languor in elegant and exotic surroundings, but in fact works extremely hard and has a studio in which he assumes a quite different personality. He did his first work for Covent Garden when he was in his early twenties—scenery and clothes for *Giselle*—and has gone steadily on from there. The current thing for which he is responsible, as designer, is *Vision of Marguerite*, due for its first performance, by the Festival Ballet at the Stoll, next Thursday (April 3). Frederick Ashton is choreographer, Belinda Wright dances Marguerite, and the other principals are John Gilpin and Oleg Briansky ; the story is, of course, based on *Faust* ; the music by Liszt. James Bailey is also designer for *The Millionairess*, in which we shall presently be seeing Katherine Hepburn on the English stage. He is the youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Janet Bailey.

MARCH 29.—WINNING BY A CANVAS. The familiar word " canvas " was freely used in a less familiar sense on Saturday when Oxford won the Boat Race by it—their fifth win in thirty years. This photograph was taken at Hammersmith Bridge ; Oxford is on the right.

MARCH 28.—The author of such tremendous successes as *National Velvet* and *The Loved and Envied* seems hard to connect with ordinary private life, but Enid Bagnold is also Lady Jones, wife of Sir Roderick Jones, and mother of Miss Laurian Jones, who to-day announced her engagement to Mr. Rowland Winn, elder son of Lord and Lady St. Oswald. They met in Spain, when Laurian was spending the spring and summer with the Infanta Beatriz and the Infante Alfonso of Orleans-Bourbon. The wedding is planned for May 8 at the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great.

There was an odd kind of coming-of-age party for Miss Joanna Scanlon in the evening. Her guests were "convoked" to a Witches' Sabbath; haloes and horns were not compulsory, but some indication of a diabolic nature was requested. The conventional wasteland, full moon, beheaded white cock, etc., were dispensed with as the party was in Westminster; nor was it observed on one of the dates of tradition, which are Candlemas, February 2; May-eve, or Roodmas; Lammas, August 1; or November-eve (All Hallow E'en); but jolly young people were able to feel terrific devils, which is always fun.

MARCH 29.—A delightfully drawn invitation, on which a rowing coach with a megaphone summoned guests, heralded Mr. and Mrs. Julian Trevelyan's annual Boat Race party at their studios on the river near Chiswick Mall. The host and hostess—she is Mary Fedden—each have a large studio to work in, and these were well stocked with barrels of beer and gorgeous sticky buns. Julian Trevelyan is one of our leading younger painters, and we were able to have a good look at the work on his walls while waiting for the race, having thankfully got in from the blizzard. In Mary Fedden's studio, her charming, vivid pictures of lovely indoor plants were pleasing objects after the horror of snow, wind and dreadfully wet river outside, though a brave proportion of the guests dashed out to the terrace as the boats toiled past, Cambridge overtaking at that moment.

Among the many people there were the sculptors F. E. McWilliams and Edouardo Paolozzi, both of whom did things for last year's Festival; Ceri Richards, the well-known painter; also Anthony Devas and his wife and daughter Emma; Mr. Stephen Lockhart and Mr. John Laurence, diplomats, with their wives; Charlotte, Lady Bonham Carter; Feliks Topolski; Richard Strachey, who is a writer and nephew of Lytton Strachey; and John Banting, the painter, who wrote and illustrated *Party Conversation*, has done some excellent décor for ballet, and whose pictures hang in the houses of many distinguished people. Some of his work is at the moment being exhibited in Sweden.

APOLOGY.—We very much regret that in the last issue of *Our Social Diary* we published a photograph of Lord Alexander dancing with Mrs. Charles Younger, whom we wrongly called Mrs. John Bingham. The real Mrs. Bingham, author of *The Man from the Ministry*, writes under the name of Madeleine Bingham, and is married to another writer, John Bingham, son of Lord Clanmorris and author of *My Name is Michael Sibley*, which was reviewed in the same issue of *The Sketch*.

MARCH 29.—UNDER PETER THE GREAT. The Countess Sophie Soumarokoff-Elston is standing under a portrait of Peter the Great at the London home of Mme. Sabline. The young Countess and her hostess are both White Russians.

MARCH 29.—CRICKET CLUB BALL. The Kent County Cricket Club had its first ball at Seal, near Sevenoaks. *Left:* Miss Ann Chiesman greets Mr. James Bennett; *right:* Miss Penny Chiesman stands with Mr. Colin Cowdray in front of a baroque fireplace.

MARCH 29.—BEFORE THE BALL WAS OVER. At the same ball, which was at the Wildernesse Country Club, were *on the left and l. to r.,* Mr. Eustace Barnes, Miss Angela Ziegler, Miss Diana Harrison and Mr. David Knechtli. *Right:* Mr. A. H. Ogden dancing with his daughter Elizabeth.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Twelve-year-old ALBERT WADHAM: For riding a "rocking horse" in Rotten Row.

LORD NOEL-BUXTON: For having the courage of his convictions.

Albert Wadham startled the normally sedate Row with his Rodeo on an animal that both looked and behaved like a particularly vigorous rocking horse. He was taking part in an audition for the ice and stage show, *Ranch in the Rockies*, which is due to open at the Empress Hall on June 5.

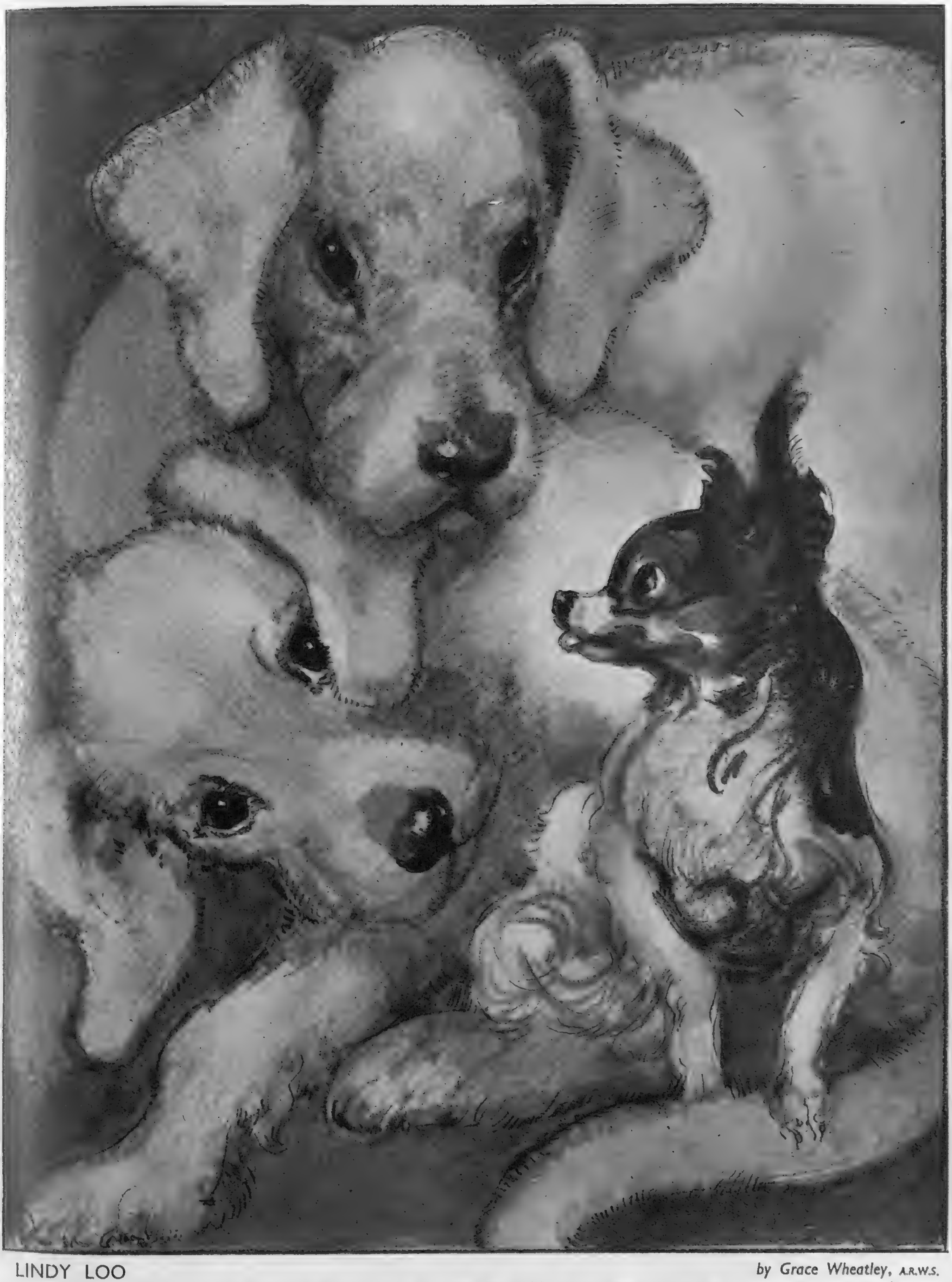
Farmer-writer peer Lord Noel-Buxton was intent on following in the footsteps of the Romans, who, he is convinced, used to ford the Thames at Westminster Bridge at low tide. He is 6 ft. 3 ins., but had to swim for a good deal of his seventeen-minute crossing, for which he blames rain in the Cotswolds. He is writing a book on London's topography.

An early sense of responsibility evidently distinguishes the infant fowl whom we show brooding over the shape of things to come; or, perhaps, he is merely feeling superior at having scrambled out of the egg himself and achieved the doubtful freedom of the world.

Seventeen-year-old Marlene Godden is photographed with some of the 800 awards she has won by show-jumping. Besides being a brilliant horsewoman, she is an active farmer, with her father, at Moor Hall Farm, Ninfield, Sussex.

CEDRIC THE CHICK: For bravely ignoring the old warning against putting all his eggs in one basket.

MISS MARLENE GODDEN: For having won enough cups to give a party—without danger of any getting broken.



LINDY LOO

by Grace Wheatley, A.R.W.S.

"Oh, dear! Why did I promise to look after Sally's tiresome twins! I shall be much too busy now to give any more sittings for THE SKETCH."

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

THE TEMPEST

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

THE TEMPEST should open in tempest. Its Stratford producer, Michael Benthall, thinks otherwise. John Masefield has said of the elaborate nautical manœuvre in the first act that the master would have infallibly lost his certificate. There is no kind of manœuvring at Stratford, no attempt to suggest it. The ship is discovered, beached and static, with a ballet of sea-nymphs playing at being waves, the brand of waves that, according to Miranda a few minutes later, will mount to "the welkin's cheek." This tasks our imagination, and it is some time before we recognise what Prospero calls the "subtilties of the isle."

Prospero himself, as acted by Sir Ralph Richardson, is a strange figure. The ducal magician seems to be human enough, and he has now and then a cheerful gleam in the eye. But, for much of the play, he is a detached, rather worried figure, clearly troubled about his imperfect knowledge of magic—both the arts in his great book and the magic of Shakespeare's enchanted verse. It is sad, for Prospero should be the master of all arts, of earth and air.

Sir Ralph, as a magician, reminds me of an anxious cook, glancing at the cookery-book in one hand while with the other,

THE TEMPEST. Above: Prospero, played by Ralph Richardson, is reproached by Caliban (Michael Hordern). *Right:* An exciting picture of Margaret Leighton as Ariel, wearing several pairs of eyebrows to excellent effect. *Below:* A cosy drinking scene between Stephano (Lyn Evans) and Trinculo (Michael Bates), who is asking for more.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

clutching his staff, he proposes to stir the cauldron. As a verse-speaker he is apt to lose the rhythm of his great speeches. Either he fidgets with the lines, splitting them oddly, or else he imposes a new tune of his own. And he has a habit of restless prowling that does not match the noble serenity of the words he utters. I imagine that, when the production has settled down, Sir Ralph will be very much better. He is always likeable—he could not be otherwise—and there are isolated moments when we realise what a commanding actor he is when in the mood. If, for the moment, he has not found himself fully with Prospero, doubtless it will not be long before he does. I would like to hear him again later in the season.

Margaret Leighton, on the other hand, never lets Ariel baffle her. She is a flash of quicksilver, a light in the air. I do not forget Alan Badel last season; but I find myself missing him less than I had expected, and that is a very high tribute indeed to Miss Leighton. (I wonder how many actresses have tackled Ariel and Lady Macbeth within eight or nine weeks.) Michael Hordern's Caliban can be both affecting and alarming: it is never, like so many Calibans, just a shaggy-dog story, and he speaks " Be not afeard " as well as I remember it.

These two players, the creatures of air and earth, are the making of the revival. Raymond Westwell's Gonzalo is as good as any of the others. He saves the fellow from being a bore. Zena Walker's Miranda has real personality; the other people, Milanese and Neapolitans, are serviceable. But the night belongs to Ariel and Caliban. Opinion is cleft sharply over Loudon Sainthill's décor. This has a *Water Babies* look; we seem to be in a submarine world. Personally, I am happiest with the Masque, which is beautifully contrived (and spoken), though I am sorry about those " sun-burn'd sicklemen." The end of the play moves me far more than the opening. There is the great ring and flare of candle-light. When it dies, day is dawning, the play fades in the harmonies of reconciliation, and Prospero steps forward in the epilogue. The beauty stays with us, though Sir Ralph will assuredly speak that epilogue with less fuss and more meaning than upon the first night.

★ Also Chosen ★

CORIOLANUS

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

THE tragedy of *Coriolanus* is not at the moment fashionable. It is, indeed, the fashion to dispraise it, to call it tedious. Writers who fling it into the discard cannot have read the play carefully: certainly they cannot have heard and seen it acted with any power. I have never yet come away from an adequate revival of *Coriolanus* without remembering the line-and-a-half, " I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye Red as 'twould burn Rome." The play, that study in noble arrogance, is in the high Roman fashion. It sits in gold, and it can burn from the page.

I confess that I came from the Memorial Theatre on the first night of the 1952 Festival, remembering battles long ago. It is the custom now to forget that the Shakespeare Festival has had any notable past, to assume that it is all the glorious growth of a few years. But there were excitements in the old days, and the 1930's brought two productions of *Coriolanus* I have never forgotten. Neither was in any way perfect, but each had two or three individual performances that challenge (and, here and there, out-match) any in the present revival.

This said, we can salute Glen Byam Shaw on the large design of his production, the craft with which he has handled the crowds; and Anthony Quayle upon the consistent drive and fervour of his Coriolanus, a part gallantly sustained. But the revival seems to me to be too much upon one note. We have no sudden lightning-flashes, no quick kindling of excitement. All is done clearly and, for the most part, worthily, but the play has not fired the Festival cast. Or, if it has, the excitement is not transmitted. Michael Hordern's Menenius: yes, this is the " humorous patrician," and richly expressed. Raymond Westwell's Cominius: yes, a small part, but with Shakespearean bounty that the actor has seized. Others have becomes names in the crowd, and two important figures, the tribunes of the people—those rank demagogues—are thinly, awkwardly played.

What of the actresses? Siobhan McKenna's Virgilia is in " gracious silence." The Valeria hardly deserves the famous greeting (Anthony Quayle speaks it splendidly) to " the moon of Rome." Only one woman is of first importance,

CORIOLANUS. Laurence Harvey as Tullus Aufidius and Anthony Quayle as Coriolanus in Glen Byam Shaw's production.

but what a personage she is! Acted at height, she can dominate the play. She is Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus, and the spirit of Rome. We can say of her, in a line from another play, that she is " whole as the marble, founded as the rock." When Sarah Siddons acted Volumnia, the theatre would tremble. The supplications scene is one of the noblest in Shakespeare (and we are told that *Coriolanus* is unexciting!) At Stratford the Volumnia is Mary Ellis. She is an actress for whom I have great and abiding respect, and it is no fault of hers that she cannot here personify Eternal Rome. She has never carried thunderbolts in her travelling-bag, and her Volumnia has dignity without the final majesty, pathos without the ultimate passion.

Still, Miss Ellis is always within the frame of the play. What effect she can make she does. I regret merely, and no doubt foolishly, that she is not larger than life-size, that she does not lament in anger, Juno-like.

One of my worries at this revival is the way in which scenes and lines for which I wait eagerly slip past without being noticed. I do not recall the touching passage about the Volscian who befriended Coriolanus; I cannot now remember the exultant " Let me twine mine arms about that body " (though no doubt Laurence Harvey's exultant Aufidius speaks it); and I cannot recall hearing the Second Messenger's " Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide." It is all too level: we are not borne along on the blown tide, the ringing surge. In *Coriolanus*, as in the first scene of *The Tempest*, it should be rough weather. Then hoist the storm-cone!

Present and Future

IN future we shall know the famous theatre in the Haymarket as Her Majesty's. Prince Littler, chairman of Associated Theatre Properties (London), has announced the Queen's consent to the change. The original name was Her Majesty's when Herbert Beerbohm Tree opened it on April 28, 1897, but the name was changed to His Majesty's shortly after the accession of King Edward the Seventh.

"THE WIDOW"

Next Monday, April 14, at the Stoll Theatre, one of the most famous musical plays of the century returns to London for a short season. This is *The Merry Widow*, which Richard Bird produces, with Margaret Mitchell and Peter Graves in the two principal parts (Sonia and Danilo). Others in the cast are Jerry Verno, Billy Tasker, Linda Lee and Greta Unger. It is the fifth revival of *The Merry Widow* since its original production at Daly's in 1907, where it ran for nearly two years. In all, this musical comedy—with the score by Franz Lehar—has had 1650 performances in London alone.

VILLON AT THE VIC

We have been used, on the British stage, to think of François Villon in terms of *The Vagabond King*. Now he appears at the Old Vic as the hero of a verse play, by James Forsyth, which opens next Tuesday (April 15). Alan Badel, the Villon, made one of the most distinguished personal successes of the last two Stratford seasons where his parts ranged between Shallow and Ariel: he has lately played Quince in the Vic's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Irene Worth is Katherine de Vausselles; and Marie Ney, returning to the Vic for the first time since before the war, is Katherine's servant and confidante, Marthe. Michael Langham produces, and Hutchinson Scott —who did the set for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—is the designer. *Timon of Athens*, the Vic's last production of the season, will now open on Wednesday, May 28, with André Morell as Timon. Tyrone Guthrie produces; the designs are by Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

ADMIRAL WOLFIT

This week, at Torquay, Donald Wolfit makes his first stage appearance since he left the Old Vic. The play, a modern comedy by Edward Percy and Lilian Denham, is called *Lords of Creation*; it is set upon the north coast of Cornwall. It comes to London on April 24, with Donald Wolfit as an elderly retired Admiral; Raymond Huntley as a retired Harley Street specialist; Una Venning, Rosalind Iden, and John Stuart. Dennis Arundell is the director.

GETTING AROUND

Alfred de Liagre, Junior, in association with Williamson Music Limited, presents Benn Levy's *Cupid and Psyche*, which I mentioned in the last issue of *The Sketch*, and which is now on tour. . . . *Under the Sycamore Tree*, with Alec Guinness and Diana Churchill, opens at the Aldwych on April 23. . . . Cyril Ritchard and Robert Helpmann are to appear with Katherine Hepburn in the coming revival of Shaw's *The Millionairess*. . . . *The Vortex*, transferred from the Lyric, Hammersmith, begins to-night (Wednesday) at the Criterion, with Michael Gough in the part played by Dirk Bogarde, who has left to make a film.

Mr. Colbatch-Clark, who won the horn-blowing contest, is joint-Master, with his wife, of the Teme Valley Foxhounds.

A party from the Woodland Pytchley : *l. to r.*, round the table : Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen, Mr. W. Williamson, Miss G. Shatford, Mr. J. Clark, Mrs. P. Clarke, Mr. P. Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. P. Shenelt, Mrs. E. Topps, Mrs. Thursfield Thompson, Mr. Thursfield Thompson (standing) and Mrs. E. Hall.

The Horse and Hound Ball

Miss Ruth Carter and Mr. Tim Weaving looking at the horn-blowing cup and pristine prize horns which have plainly seen no service.

Most hunting people hate London, but the *Horse and Hound* ball at Grosvenor House last Friday week, March 28, lured them from their green vales and peaceful, happy hunting grounds all over the country for a gay evening in honour of the absorbing interest they have in common. There was a horn-blowing contest and pink coats predominated ; faces, too, were pinker than the ones usually worn in London, proving the good sense of avoiding the dear old dirty city.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Practising for the competition of the evening are, *l. to r.*, Mr. John Stevens, of the Vine, Mr. T. P. Davies, of the Sparkford Vale Harriers, and Mr. B. S. Sewill, of the Surrey Union. Each contestant blew two calls : *Blowing Hounds over a Ride* and *Gone Away*.

The horn-blowing prizes were like a magnet to the dancers. Here are Miss Suzanne Grieve and Mr. Charles Mander beside them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones, of the Cattistock, with Mr. Byam Newbery, of the Axe Vale Harriers, and Miss Beatrice Shields.

Going through the intricacies of an up-to-date dance are Miss Anne Dibble and Mr. Charles Stratton.

Lady Elizabeth Shirley, elder daughter of Lord Ferrers, with Mr. Tom Pocock.

L. to r.: Capt. Tony Collings, Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, the famous horseman, Mrs. Harry Llewellyn and Mr. Bob Dean just finishing supper and the Perrier Jouet.

The judges, *L. to r.*: Brig. M. W. Selby-Lowndes, Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety, M.F.H. of the Southdown, and Mr. W. Case, Editor of *Horse and Hound*, who is talking to Mr. Frank Phillips.

A party from the Beaufort, having "a stirrup cup" are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. J. Owles, Wing Cmdr. F. W. Chadwick, Major John Owles and Mrs. F. W. Chadwick.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

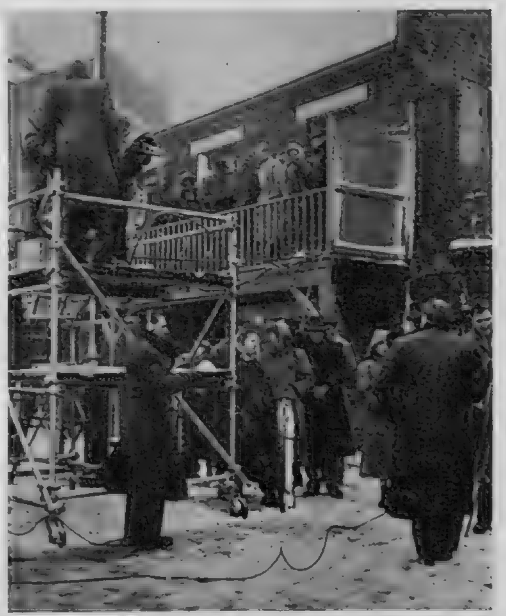
WE went to a recent Press conference given by Mr. George Barnes, Director of Television, with no preconceived notion of its purpose and with no anticipation of hearing any earth-shaking revelations. We're still not sure what it was all in aid of, and dramatic bombshells were demurely absent.

Still, it was a great pleasure to meet Mr. Barnes and obtain a first-hand impression of the man in whose hands the fate of British television largely lies. Topping comfortably the six-foot mark, ashen-haired, fresh-complexioned, and dressed with meticulous lack of care, he looks more like an overgrown schoolboy than a V.I.P. His manner, to conform with his appearance, is ingenuous, casual and informal—but studiedly so, we feel. For underneath that exterior, it is possible to detect a great shrewdness of mind and even a hint of the iron fist below layers and layers of velvet gloves. Certainly we have never seen anyone so adroitly give himself time to think when it came to answering the more awkward questions fired at him by our colleagues.

Glad as we are that Mr. Barnes occupies his high hierarchal position with such equability—for television diplomacy more than programme content is his chief preoccupation—we hope that, when the time comes, he will prove himself to be a ball of fire too. Television's formative period is nearly over, and there will soon be a danger of a take-it-or-leave-it complacency creeping into the service. It is then that we hope Mr. Barnes will lay about him, become a headache to all and sundry, thereby keeping everyone on their toes. Such people are never popular in the B.B.C., but we are sure he would prove the exception.

Such news as there was indicated, as we have pointed out from time to time, that viewers cannot expect any revolutionary changes in television for some considerable time to come. There are still many people who are holding back in the belief that the present receivers will be out of date within a year or so, and that colour and stereoscopic transmission will suddenly burst upon the public. Nothing could be further from the truth. What with the Defence Programme swallowing up most of the electronic production of this country, and the steady modification and improvement of the existing service, it is safe to say that not till about ten years hence will any startling developments appear on the horizon.

Within the service, however, things are more on the move. For instance, many viewers must have been puzzled by the recent introduction of a director as well as a producer of some of the drama and light entertainment programmes. What does this mean and to whom is one to give credit or kick for a good or bad show? We have made enquiries with a certain amount of persistence for some weeks and have been blandly assured that the situation is "fluid," and that the relationship between the two has not yet been "regulated." But, broadly speaking, the idea is to give the producer a chance to think and relieve him of some of his more mundane chores.



TELEVISION THE HARD WAY. With the weather doing its best to defeat transmission, TV engineers had a tough enough job on their plate without the fact that the Light Programme was forced off the air through failure on the commentator's launch, and they had to fill that breach too.

Here we are in sympathy, for some of the producers have been driven too hard for them to devote adequate time for overall planning before putting a production "on the floor." Artistic conception takes time, like everything else, but a producer cannot give it if he is constantly distracted by having to comb the theatrical profession for the right cast, dealing with snags brought to him by the scenic and technical experts, making out "property" lists and deciding whether the leading lady should wear pink organdie or lilac satin. He cannot do all this if he is to be responsible for upward of twelve major productions a year.

At the same time, we can foresee a serious clash between producer and director, if both should be persons of strong individuality and ambition. Far better, to our mind, would be the definite appointment of an assistant to a producer, who could in no way claim parity. Then one man would give all the orders, not just some of them, and the broth would not be endangered by too many cooks.

And here we would like to pay tribute to those unsung heroines who have for so long undertaken the duties of assistant in an *ex officio* capacity: the producers' secretaries. They labour far in excess of the official demands made of them by the B.B.C., who pay them little more than ordinary typists. Without disloyalty, or putting pistols to anybody's head, they have long campaigned for official status as assistant producers. We add our plea to theirs, for their jobs virtually demand a sacrifice of their private lives and such devotion should be rewarded. What is more, the past has proved that the arrangement works.

Now to whom are we to award the chief credit for one of the best things television has ever done, *Dial "M" for Murder*? To the producer, Ian Atkins? The director, Julian Amyes? Or the author, Frederick Knott? To the last probably, because he has written a really gripping "I know-who-dun-it-but-will-he-get-away-with-it?" Without that solid basis, neither producer nor director could have done much, and Elizabeth Sellars, Emrys Jones, Raymond Huntley and Olaf Pooley would not have given the brilliant performances they did.

We are not personally crazy about Discussion Programmes, but we solemnly echo another *Sketch* feature and take off our hat to Chester Wilmot for his masterly defence of his book *The Struggle for Europe*. The book and the programme, we hope, has given many people food for urgent thought.

Also a salute to Outside Broadcasts for their valiant attempt to televise this year's Boat Race in a howling blizzard. Conditions must have been nightmarish, with melting snow causing short-circuits all over the place. But dogged did it and we, for one, are duly grateful for a most dramatic broadcast.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

THE Good Friday play this year is to be *The Marvellous History of St. Bernard*. The original manuscript dates back to the fifteenth century, and the present version was made by the French poet and dramatist Henry Gheon. This has been translated into English by Sir Barry Jackson who, in accordance with the B.B.C.'s passion for education, will be giving an introductory talk. Producer, Michael Berry; director, Leonard Brett.

The Epilogue that night will be the meditations upon the Fourteen Stations of the Cross, conducted by Father Hilary Carpenter.

The 13th begins with an Easter Morning Service from St. Mary's Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill, conducted by the Rev. G. H. Woolley, assisted by the Rev. D. H. A. Christie-Murray.

The evening play on the same day—and repeated on the 17th—will be John Drinkwater's *Bird in Hand*, a comedy set in a country inn. The cast is a strong one, including Robert Speaight, Beatrice Varley, Herbert Lomas, Ann Hayes, Leslie Dwyer and Peter Cushing.

Tying up with the Quincentenary Exhibition at the Royal Academy, Peter Thompson and Peter de Francia are arranging a programme paying tribute to the great Leonardo da Vinci. This will be seen on April 15.

By the time this issue appears the first of three parts of the famous Erich Kästner story *Emil and the Detectives* will have been shown. The following two parts will be done on April 15 and 22. Whether anglicising the setting will be a success remains to be seen, but a good story dies hard. Emil is to be played by Robert Sandford and the villain in the bowler hat by Robert Marsden. A large part of this production has been specially filmed by producer Rex Tucker.

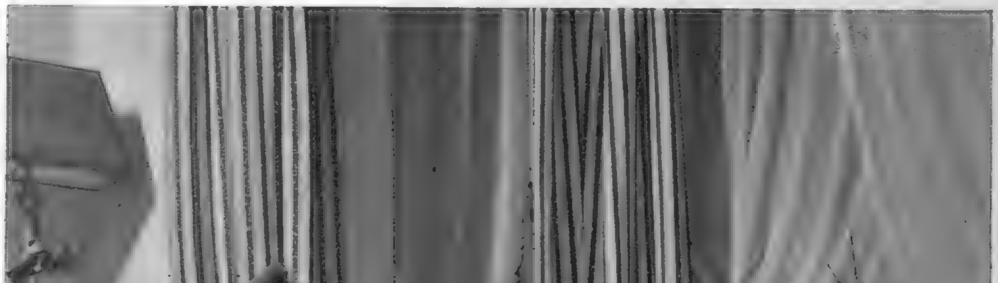
Henry Caldwell, of *Café Continental* fame, is an indefatigable seeker of fresh talent. He is to present a new series of programmes beginning on April 21, giving unknown artists a chance. The programmes will be "stiffened" by the inclusion of some famous dramatic and operatic stars.

THE VOICE
THAT EARNS £100,000
A YEAR

This handsome average income goes to Miss Jo Stafford, the American singer, who made her first appearance in Europe at the Palladium on Monday this week. She was born in California and gave a public performance at the age of twelve, when she sang "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Later she was engaged by Tommy Dorsey as a soloist and as a member of the Pied Pipers. Then, encouraged by Johnny Mercer and Frank Sinatra, she became a soloist in Mercer's radio show. A contract to make records established her as one of America's best-selling recording stars. She was a great success in a hill-billy romp by Red Ingle called *Tem-Tay-Shun*, a satire on *Temptation*. She has always been interested in folk music, and in 1948 established the Jo Stafford Prize in American Folklore.

1. FERDY AND WILLIE WITH URSULA BLOOM.

2. MRS. IAN FARQUHAR AND JOHN.



3. PRIMROSE, HERMIONE BADDELEY AND FRIEND.

DOGS—AND

1. *Ferdy* the dachshund is young and good-looking enough to have been commended at Cruft's this year, but Ursula Bloom is no dope about him and insists that he is stupid; not too stupid, however, always to insist on a front seat in the car. *Willie* the Scottie consoles himself for this by squeezing on to the ledge beneath the back window and obscuring the view for Commander Gower Robinson, the authoress's husband, when he drives. The dogs have a toy basket full of squeaky rubber toys as a counter-attraction, for chewing purposes, to Miss Bloom's manuscripts. Her newest book is called *As Bends the Bough*.

2. Mrs. Ian Farquhar's *John* is a most enchanting French pug, one of the very few in this country. He is extremely clever and amiable and a stickler for routine: his morning walk must be as punctual as a train service. He has all the exciting smells of Mayfair's Three Kings Yard to prowl among, as the Farquhars at the moment have a flat there, which they want to let so as to move somewhere bigger. Major Ian Farquhar, who is in the Grenadier Guards, has a lovely family house called Hamlyns, in Devonshire; there they keep their two dachshunds.

3. *Primrose*, Miss Hermione Baddeley's spaniel, is a very sophisticated dog who knows the dressing-rooms in most theatres and has been the rounds of film studios, restaurants and night clubs. She once recklessly had puppies in the small flat Miss Baddeley then had, greatly complicating life. She was meeting the half-Siamese kitten for the first time the day we photographed them, and accepting him very well. Hermione Baddeley is at the moment in cabaret; in her long and successful career, which began when she was a child, she has performed in straight plays, musical comedies, revues, films, television and radio.

4. PRINCE GUARDS NORMAN GINSBURY.

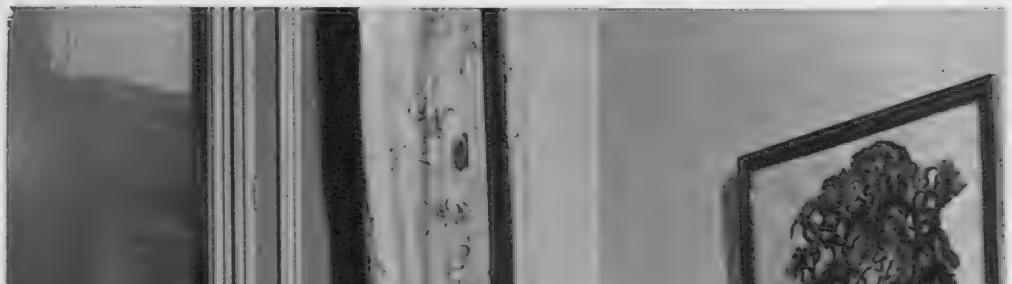
5. AUGUSTUS, HIS PORTRAIT AND HONOR EARL.

THEIR PEOPLE

4. *Prince* was a puppy when Mr. Norman Ginsbury was writing *The First Gentleman*, and is therefore called after the Prince Regent whom he is thought rather to resemble. Despite his jaw, he is not pugnacious with people and shakes hands in a most amiable way, but a character as large as he must greatly complicate his owner's meat ration problem. Mr. Ginsbury was formerly an analytical chemist; his first play was *Viceroy Sarah*, produced in 1934; it has been followed by many others; also new versions of some plays of Ibsen's.

5. *Augustus* takes little interest in his portrait by Honor Earl, his owner. He is a very engaging long-haired dachshund and likes burrowing to the very bottom of beds. Mrs. Earl was making an exception when she drew his pastel picture; she is best known for her portraits of children and is having an exhibition in the autumn, in aid of the R.A.F. Association and Benevolent Fund, of "Some Famous People"; this was to have been in February, but was put off because of the King's death. Sitters for the portraits include Lord Asquith, Gladys Cooper, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, Lord Jowitt, Danny Kaye and many others.

6. This distinguished corgi, whose full name is *Rustic of Toytown*, is a cousin of one belonging to the Queen. He is called *Raf* because Roderic Owen was in the R.A.F. during the war; he wrote *The History of the Desert Air Force*, which has a foreword by Lord Tedder; has now written *The Life of Lord Tedder*, to be published by Collins this month. He has also had two novels published and is a painter; one of his pictures can be seen in the background. He won scholarships to Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, then studied art at the Slade; is now writing a book about Tahiti, where he spent some time.



6. RAF WITH RODERIC OWEN.

OUR BOOKSHELF

HUGH WALPOLE. By Rupert Hart-Davis. (*Macmillan ; 25s.*)

THE DONKEY SHOE. By G. B. Stern. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE. By Richard Gordon. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

RUBIES, EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS. By Bridget Chetwynd. (*Hutchinson ; 9s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

"HUGH WALPOLE," by Rupert Hart-Davis, is certainly the most entertaining literary biography since *The Quest for Corvo*, with which it has in common only that each portrays with candour a second-rate writer, each is well written and each leaves the reader free to form his own conclusions about its subject. Mr. Hart-Davis has had the advantage of the journal kept by Hugh Walpole and uses extracts from it with great skill. An astonishing piece of work, this journal, varying from gushing entries which might have been made by a Victorian bride "confiding in her diary" to melancholy egotism such as Benjamin Haydon indulged. Hugh Walpole's ambition was to be an important novelist, writing widely-read and well-considered books, lecturing to crowded audiences, knowing intimately the great men and women of his day, beloved by everyone around him, fêted, enriched, knighted, with a house full of fine books and pictures in London and one in the country, travelled, experienced, elegant, urbane and, above all, enjoying the devotion of the "perfect friend." In a way it all came true. By industry, some luck and some talent he achieved it so that a few months before his death he could write: "I should say that, in spite of the war, this is the peak of my life. I have fame, more money than I shall ever have again, pretty good health, my working faculties are excellent, and more love around me than I deserve. That I, egoist, spoilt, selfish and a boss, a fusser and dogmatic, should have the love of such people as H.C., Dorothy, Robin, Ethel, Jim, Dick, Owen, George Blake, John, Alan, Jo, Ronald, is nothing short of a miracle." His tragedy was that no one seemed to take him as seriously as he took himself, either as a man or as a writer, and though he was liked in both capacities it always seemed to be with a touch of pity. "Poor old Hugh," his friends said, kind, generous, hard-working yet somehow funny old Hugh, who knew everyone and tried so hard to be liked by everyone, who thought that an unenthusiastic review of one of his books meant that the critic was a personal enemy (and frequently wrote to protest), who talked of "loyalty" in his friends, who was so easily offended and quick to forgive and who thought he was enjoying it all so intensely. The portrait is uncannily clear and has pathos, even when it is a little ridiculous. Mr. Hart-Davis has done a difficult thing supremely well.

MISS G. B. STERN'S new novel, *The Donkey Shoe*, is so deucedly competent, so gracefully facile, that one finds oneself stopping more than once to listen to the smooth purr of the engine, to delight in one's gliding progress through its incidents, to admire its author's precision and design. This is not to say that it is an insincere book, all technique and no heart; on the contrary, it has plenty of feeling. My complaint, personal and querulous, is that its very smoothness softens all its impacts and that I am not saddened, or stunned, or shocked, but only richly entertained. The author has set herself a number of difficult tasks—to create a credible actress, to study her relations with a wilful but charming daughter, and to make a good story of these. She succeeds in them all. Jessica Marwood, the actress, is alive and exciting, her marriage to the son of a commercial magnate and her widowhood are convincingly revealed and the long, ever-changing pattern of her relationship with Damaris, her dearly-loved daughter, makes a story rather than a mere study, a story which rises to a most plausible climax and carries one beyond it to speculation. And for good measure comedy is introduced in the sycophantic person of Miss Robbins, the dresser. A delightful novel, in fact.

IT was about time that someone wrote *Doctor in the House*, and Richard Gordon has done it about as well as possible. It is the story, told boisterously but faithfully, of a medical student from the time of his entering a great hospital to his emerging as a fully qualified doctor. Mr. Gordon wastes no time on the niceties of style and likes a cliché as well as he does "taking a look," "a lot going on," "unsubtle jests," "bouts of insolvency" and such vigorous turns of phrase. He will describe a nurse as having a face like the side of a quarry, or a waiting-room as resembling the condemned cell, but this, one feels, is just his impatience with having to write it all out when he wants to get on with a story so full of humour and rather nasty surgical descriptions lightheartedly thrown off, and character sketches of good, pronounced types, and blood-curdling details of disease, and noisy familiarity with death. He tells this story breezily and, I feel sure, without exaggeration or conscious understatement. I thoroughly enjoyed the book.

THE seemingly rather silly title of *Rubies, Emeralds and Diamonds*, by Bridget Chetwynd, is lamely explained by the fact that the initials spell "Red," the name of a luscious young woman who, at the beginning of the book, has disappeared with a collection of jewellery. By a major improbability, an insurance company calls in a charming pair of detectives, Petunia Best and Max Frend, whom I met here for the first time, and who certainly deserve their place among the modern sleuths. They are not eccentric, huge, minute, as other detectives, they do not use French expletives or drop their final "g's" but they have the uncommon attribute of likeability. When they get down to the case, it turns into a fairly conventional whodunit, but ably and rather wittily told. The desirable Red, it appears in due course, has been murdered and the discovery is followed in marching order by the second murder, while the arrest and solution are preceded by a spot of danger for one of the two detectives. In case this seems to follow the approved pattern too closely, I must add that the narrative is uncommonly slick and the solution a surprise.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BALLET BIOGRAPHIES.
By Gladys Davidson. (*Werner Laurie ; 15s.*)

Brief records, chiefly of professional appearances, of seventy-three ballet personalities. Nothing chatty and little that is intimate in these, but carefully collected details of ballets, dates and places.

WHITE MAN RETURNS.
By Agnes Keith. (*Michael Joseph ; 15s.*)

A popular writer about life in the Far East returns with her husband, a Forestry official, and her son, a boy of seven, to Borneo, and describes their family life there. I am never at ease with these cosy stories of family relationships set against an exotic background, but they attract a large public and this one has the accepted mixture of enthusiasm, quaint dialogue and the oddity of the East as seen by the West.

THE ORACLE.
By Edwin O'Connor. (*Reinhardt ; 10s. 6d.*)

A delicious grotesquerie about a microphone magnate. It is the first time that one of these monstrous characters has been "done" in a novel and Mr. O'Connor is to be congratulated both on the idea and on his development of it.

THE THIEF OF VIRTUE.
By Eden Phillpotts. (*Westaway ; 10s. 6d.*)

One of the best of the early books now in a welcome reprint.

THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.
By James Hadley Chase. (*Hale ; 10s. 6d.*)

Striptease dancer in a thriller which, to quote the publishers not altogether sceptically, has "pace, punch, suspense and surprise."

NIGHT TRAIN TO PARIS.
By Manning Coles. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

Cosmopolitan, Secret Service stuff, with bags of death and mystery. "For what that tiny strip (of film) contains Muntz died in the North Sea, Alton on the river and Logan in the train ; the car driver Cutler in London, Vladimir and the rat Brachko in Paris. Chadai was burnt to death to-night, and one of these days Yudin will hang by the neck until he also is dead."

CHARLECOTE PARK : WARWICKSHIRE.

Charlecote was built by Sir Thomas Lucy (Shakespeare's Justice Shallow) in 1558. A stone porch columned in the Renaissance manner bears Elizabeth's arms in commemoration of her visit. The charming gatehouse, with its twin cupolas and vaulted archway, is unaltered.

The house was enlarged in the mid-nineteenth century and many of its interiors redecorated. Plaster ceilings and intricately carved woodwork are of Jacobean derivation ; Victorian heraldic glass has replaced the Tudor. The dining-room, *circa* 1835, with its sumptuous flock paper, retains its original furniture, including the monumental sideboard offered to and declined by Queen Victoria. There is a fine collection of royal and family portraits and furniture.

The brewhouse retains its enormous boilers and tuns of the eighteenth century ; the coachhouse contains a collection of nineteenth-century carriages.

The descendants of the deer stalked by Shakespeare roam the beautiful park.

OPEN : *April to September inclusive ; daily (except Friday), 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Winter admission on application to Mr. P. W. Hollyoak, 25, High Street, Warwick. Telephone* Warwick 12.

ADMISSION : 2s., *grounds only* 1s. *Terms for parties of twelve on application as above.*

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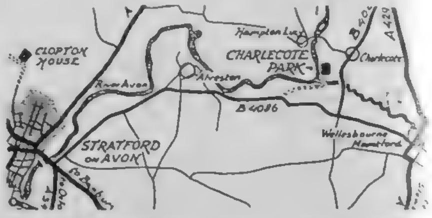


This is a specimen chapter from *Open to View*, by Barbara Freeman and Jan Coolen (Benn ; 15s.), which contains a mass of information on many English Country Houses now open to the public.

Photographed by Denis de Marney.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY TUDOR

Mary Morris plays Elizabeth Tudor in *The Young Elizabeth*, by Jennette Dowling and Francis Letton, which was presented at the New Theatre last Wednesday, April 2. The play deals with the six years before Elizabeth came to the throne and includes the triangular relationship between her, the last of her stepmothers, Katharine Parr, and her husband, Thomas Seymour. The play was first produced by the Repertory Players last December and most members of the original cast are playing again, including Margaretta Scott as Katharine and Peggy Thorpe-Bates as Mary Tudor.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

THE message of *Saturday Island* is plain. If a girl has one really well-cut foundation garment she can get along, make friends and influence people, even on a Pacific atoll where the only costumes grow on calico trees!

Linda Darnell, as the Canadian heroine of this instructive picture, is luckily wearing such a garment when blown up by a magnetic mine, and cast ashore on a tropical island in the company of an American marine. Since Miss Darnell is a Navy nurse, she is also wearing naval uniform, but the climatic conditions on Saturday Island are such that outer garments quickly mildew and disintegrate. After a month or two, the lady has no choice but to chop down and run up little things from calico, and although she gets *chic*-er and *chic*-er in her frocks as time goes on, it 's wonderful what that enduring foundation garment can do for the snugness of the essential line.

By the time she has achieved a semi-Grecian model with a peplum effect and a single shoulder-strap (worn with a white bandeau in the hair, a hibiscus, and a lighter shade of lipstick) the marine is desperately in love with her. Up to this point it has been rather curiously assumed that Miss Darnell is a prim old maid, too plain for even a marine to whistle at. But now she is irradiated, transformed. "Something has happened to you," gasps the marine, whose name is alternatively given as Mike or Chicken. "There 's something about you that makes me tongue-tied." (Unfortunately it does not.)

Long before a year has passed on Saturday Island, the pair are sharing the same bamboo bed, and Miss Darnell has taken to threading her home-made hats with rose-pink ribbon. It must be noted that she does this, not out of passionate love for the marine, but pity. She makes it clear to Chicken that a double-bed beside a lagoon is one thing, but that when he gets back to civilisation he will want somebody younger and livelier. What 's more, when *she* gets home, she says, she wants to be a doctor. The perspicacious will at once realise that this is the cue for the entrance of the Other Man, in need of medical aid.

The Other Man is a British squadron-leader, who makes a crash-landing on the island. His arm is nearly torn off, and in a jiffy Miss Darnell performs an amputation. In order to perform it, she runs up a neat surgical cap, mask and overall. She does this in just the time it takes her lover to boil a kettle. I need hardly tell you that the operation is successful, that the patient recovers, that he falls in love with Miss Darnell and she with him, and that the occasion calls for even more inspiration in dress-designing. Not only does Miss Darnell exchange bandeaux and rush hats for becoming snoods, not only does she lower the remaining shoulder-strap, but she is even struck with the bright idea of *dyeing* calico. Smartly styled in a becoming shade of rose, she explains to the squadron-leader, who hasn't till this moment guessed it, the delicacy of her position. She loves him, she assures him, deeply and truly, but she owes a greater debt to Chicken, who has made a Woman out of a Person. This subtlety is fortunately voided by the timely arrival of a British ship, coinciding with that of an American seaplane. Chicken, it seems, is urgently required in Washington (for a citation ?). This leaves his seniors free for a brisk marriage by the ship's captain, and the happy thought, equalled only by the comforting assurance of a foundation garment's endurability, that Chicken has done a man-sized job, and will never forget the experience of *Saturday Island*. Neither, I think, shall we.

"SATURDAY ISLAND" was made by an American company in England (that is to say, when it was not cavorting in the Pacific), and displays strong features of its Hollywood Heritage. There is all the difference in the world, for instance, between this film and *Angels One Five*, which is strictly our own, and British to the backbone.

Angels One Five belongs to the class of picture that British studios developed so successfully during the war; an indigenous subject with a slight fiction-story and a documentary background. In this case the background is an R.A.F. fighter station during the summer of 1940. The fictional story concerns a young Scots pilot who signalises his arrival at the station by wrecking a replacement Hurricane and pranging "A" Squadron's best flight commander. He follows up this exploit with other blunders, but there is nothing wrong with Pilot Officer Baird that time and operational experience won't cure. He is a grave and rather pedantic young man, who is planning to become a nose, ear and throat specialist, but he plainly has a flair for flying, and manages to account for a couple of Messerschmitts before a German fighter shoots him down.

Not much of a story, as you can see, but *Angels One Five* is not the type of film that requires much story. Its simple and moving effect derives less from any individual drama than from the overall picture of the station; the patient vigil of the operations room, the careful routine of the ground staff, the sudden vigour of the scramble, the tension of the count of returning aircraft. In all that concerns these things, I think the film does splendidly, with fine performances from Jack Hawkins as the Station C.O., Michael Denison as the Duty Officer in the Operations Room, and a couple of dozen men and girls who give a thoroughly convincing sense of members of the British Air Force on duty. An actor new to me, named John Gregson, plays the tongue-tied and blundering Scotsman and it is my very strong belief that this young man is good enough to be kept a wary eye on. He has a profile like James Stewart's; a speech-style resembling Andrew Crawford's; and to these he adds a personality that is very positively John Gregson's own.

The direction by George More O'Ferrall is also interesting. Mr. More O'Ferrall comes from television, and before he strayed to films was TV's Number One drama producer. This is his first solo job as a director of films, but never at any point does it display the awkwardness of a novice.

I don't want to make any extravagant claims for *Angels One Five*. It is not an "epic," as the posters call it. It is just a frankly simple, rather moving picture, modestly and sincerely acted, which takes its strength from an experience in which we have all, more or less, had a share.

THE fact that *Viva Zapata* euphemises history does not in the least detract from its brilliance as a piece of picture-making. The real Zapata, who shared the command of the revolutionary armies in Mexico with Pancho Villa, during the years in which we were fighting the First World War, was not nearly such a nice fellow as John Steinbeck's screenplay makes him out to be, and it is noticeable that the grim word "oil" is never mentioned in the film's account of President Diaz's activities. Zapata, an illiterate peasant of Mexican-Indian blood, was certainly concerned for the welfare of his people, but he was also a bandit and a butcher, who was not in the least averse to pillage, and had some quite unpleasant ways with prisoners. The Zapata of the film, although rough, is rarely ruthless. His ideals throughout are of the highest, and the author has even gone to the lengths of providing a pure white horse as his constant companion, evidently—from the way it escapes to freedom on the mountains after the murder of its master—intended as a symbol of his unconquerable soul.

Nevertheless, I think few people are likely to grumble about these historical discrepancies in a work that is so constantly brilliant and exciting. It holds your attention from the opening shot. It is beautiful to look at and rewarding to listen to. Director Elia Kazan has contrived a number of scenes that are quite staggering in their mastery of dramatic development, and Marlon Brando's performance as the new-style Zapata will certainly be remembered as one of the great screen experiences of the year.

SATURDAY ISLAND: Linda Darnell in home-woven clothes, after twelve months on a Pacific atoll, shows what an "enduring foundation garment can do for the snugness of the essential line."

ANGELS ONE FIVE: John Gregson plays the tongue-tied, blundering Pilot Officer Baird. It is our critic's "very strong belief that this young man is good enough to be kept a wary eye on."

VIVA ZAPATA: Marlon Brando's performance as the new-style Zapata "will certainly be remembered as one of the great screen experiences of the year."

BURGLARS!

Stooge ones, of course. Flimsy Stan Laurel and mountainous Oliver Hardy are here for a seven-months tour of Britain. The photograph above is from a sketch in which they play cops and robbers with real (stage) cops, one of whom arrests them for loitering and promises to let them off if they will stage a burglary at the Police Chief's house so that he can get back into the Chief's good books. Here they are, trying to whack up courage to break and enter.

Engagements

The Hon. MIRABEL FITZALAN-HOWARD has lately announced her engagement to Mr. BERNARD KELLY. She is the youngest of Lord Howard of Glossop's and Baroness Beaumont's four daughters, all of whom have Christian names beginning with M; her sister Miriam has chosen April 19 for her marriage to Lieut. T. B. P. Hubbard, R.N. Mr. Kelly is the eldest son of Sir David and Lady Kelly.

LADY JOAN HOPE's marriage to Lieut.-Colonel I. W. GORE-LANGTON, M.B.E., is fixed for April 15. She is the second daughter of the late Marquess of Linlithgow, who died out shooting last January; her brother, Lord Hopetoun, one of twins, succeeded to the title. Her fiancé is in the Coldstream Guards and the only son of the late Major F. W. Gore-Langton and Mrs. Gore-Langton.

The Hon. PATRICIA BROWNE is the elder daughter of Lord Oranmore and Browne by his first marriage to Miss Mildred Egerton, daughter of the Hon. T. H. F. Egerton. Miss Browne is to marry the Hon. ANTHONY CAYZER, younger son of Lord and Lady Rotherwick; his elder brother Robin married Miss Sarah-Jane Slade on April 4 at Nether Stowey, a village in Somerset.

Miss SONIA FURLONG is the only child of the late Brigadier D. W. Furlong, D.S.O., M.C., and of Lady Dill. She is engaged to Mr. NEIL KENNEDY-COCHRAN-PATRICK, only child of the late Major C. J. Kennedy-Cochran-Patrick, D.S.O., M.C., and of Mrs. Kennedy-Cochran-Patrick.

A June wedding is planned for Miss MARGARET ANNE BERNARD, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. M. Bernard of Englefield Green. She is to marry Dr. W. G. CLEVERLY, younger son of Sir Osmund and Lady Cleverly, who have a house called Kingswood Hanger in Surrey.

Miss PAMELA KATHLEEN FENWICK is engaged to marry Mr. J. C. SKEFFINGTON. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Fenwick of Ditton Grange Close, Long Ditton; her fiancé is the only son of the late Mr. F. W. Skeffington and of Mrs. Skeffington, also of Long Ditton.

Our Fashion Portfolio

Introducing THE BIBURYS

In this issue we invite you to meet the Biburys, who, with their friends and relatives, will keep *Sketch* readers in touch, throughout the coming year, with the clothes that smart women are wearing. Mrs. Bibury (Elizabeth) is bringing out her elder daughter, Charlotte, this season, and on this and the next four pages, we follow them through an important day which ends with Charlotte's coming-out dance. The Biburys will be going to a variety of important social events and we shall describe the clothes they choose for them, as well as the more informal things they wear when they are in their own home. Later we shall meet Charlotte's schoolgirl sister, Caroline, and Mrs. Curtis, Elizabeth Bibury's younger sister, with her two children, Hugo, aged seven, and five-year-old Sarah.

As a leisurely beginning to a busy day, Charlotte is watching her mother arranging the flowers. She wears a vivid cherry "Poncho" blouse in fine wool which has a loose neck and can either be tied at the back or worn "sloppy"; and black "stove-pipe" gaberdine slacks. Both from Jaeger, the blouse (price 59s. 6d.) can also be had in emerald, black, gorse and purple, and the slacks in navy (price 4½ gns.). Her stylish but comfortable black Cactus shoes in light-weight calf with moccasin front are obtainable from Blindells, 70, Regent Street, at £3 15s.

Mrs. Bibury's smoothly-pleated light grey worsted skirt, "Duchess," by Gor-Ray, is about 4½ gns. With it, she wears a delightfully fresh-looking white piqué blouse with cap sleeves and casual revers. Also made in sky, cyclamen and beige, it will soon be available from Galeries Lafayette in the usual sizes at 47s. 6d. Her dark grey, low-cut Court shoes, "D'Orsay," are a Clark's Skyline model in suède. Price £3 9s. 6d.

Feature specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington. *(Continued overleaf.)*

Our Fashion Portfolio

INTRODUCING THE BIBURYS

(Continued)

Mother and daughter set off for a luncheon party. Mrs. Bibury wears "Dress Circle," an immaculately-tailored heavy French grosgrain suit designed by Digby Morton for Jacqmar. It has Dolman sleeves tapering to just below the elbow, and slanting cuffed pockets. She was pleased to find that the pencil skirt was cut full enough to allow for comfortable walking. Priced at 31 gns., this suit is also made in mushroom pink, lilac and grey.

The black suède Court shoes are trimmed with grosgrain (79s. 6d. at London Shoe Company). Black French washable doeskin gloves at £3 12s. 6d., and the attractive leaf-pattern brooch and ear-rings (Brooch £7 19s. 6d., Ear-rings £7 5s.) are both from Fior's of Burlington Gardens.

The unusual hat in black grosgrain rising to a point at the back has a yellow band round the front and is trimmed with black veiling. Price 5½ gns. from Ruby Carel. Asprey's handbag in black grosgrain and patent leather is priced at £12 10s.

Charlotte's dark grey pure silk shantung suit has a tightly-waisted, very short jacket which can be worn open, or buttoned to the neck, and a four-gored full skirt. It costs £25.

The demure little bonnet-shaped hat in white grosgrain is almost covered in lilies-of-the-valley, with a large spray at one side. Price £6 4s. 6d. Her shoes are "Opera II." by Lotus, in gun-metal grey calf. Price 89s. 6d. in all sizes and various colours. The white "shortie" gloves are 25s. 9d. All from Woollands of Knightsbridge

The circular boxy-shaped gun-metal grey leather handbag is £4 10s. (Susan Handbags, Bond Street), and the lapel spray of lily-of-the-valley is from Ruby Carel.

After a quiet afternoon at home, the Biburys slipped in a cocktail party before the important event of the evening. Mrs. Bibury and her daughter step out of the car into the breezy sunshine. Mrs. Bibury's afternoon-into-evening, pure silk; pen-pointed crêpe-de-chine suit cleverly gives the appearance of a dress. It has a finely-pleated skirt; separate top with a cross-over bodice fastened with a bow on her left hip, and attractively draped neckline and short sleeves. Obtainable in various sizes, price approximately 23 gns., from Marshall and Snelgrove, also Griffen and Spalding, Nottingham, and James McEwan of Perth.

The distinctive coat by Dorville in the dullest of slipper satins has the new rounded shoulder line; the set-in diamond sleeves are very full and can roll to three-quarter length. Mrs. Bibury chose it in black, but it can also be had in mastic (a greenish putty colour) and in emerald, or red tampico. About 26½ gns. from Vogue, Cambridge; Samuels, Manchester.

Black suède Court shoes cut low over the instep and with a peep-toe are finished with a bow on the top. Clark's Skyline, price £3 9s. 6d.

The tiny white satin pointed cap (5½ gns. from Ruby Carel) has jet embroidery on the front. Her gloves are black suède velour at £6 16s. 6d., from The White House. Black grosgrain handbag with interesting scroll-like detail is by Asprey's (£7). The three-string pearl necklace and matching stud ear-rings are from Susan Handbags, Bond Street. (Necklace 59s. 6d., Ear-rings 15s. 11d.)

Charlotte's nylon outfit is from the preview of the Susan Small collection. The pleated black skirt and the cap-sleeved white blouse are "united" in the middle by a white pleated cummerbund. About £22 10s. complete.

On her arm she carries a dyed squirrel cape-stole by Molho, and wears black nylon "shortie" gloves (43s. 6d. from The White House). Black patent leather Clark's Court shoes with latticed front (£3 15s.) and an envelope-shaped bag in black silk crêpe with a gilt frame (59s. 11d. from Susan Handbags) add the finishing touches.

[*Continued overleaf.*

Our Fashion Portfolio

INTRODUCING THE BIBURYS

(Continued)

The great occasion has come at last. Charlotte and her mother are waiting to receive the first guests at the Coming-Out Dance. The heroine of the evening looks enchanting in Susan Small's dress of white tulle embroidered with silver leaves and mother-of-pearl sequins. The front of the strapless bodice and the centre of the tremendous, fairy-tale skirt are decorated with silvery "bubbles." Retail price is approximately £38.

Hidden from view are Raynes very dainty iridescent silver sandals (all sizes, 9½ gns.) and she carries a matching bag (also Raynes, 10 gns.). The long, white silk jersey gloves are only 19s. 6d. from Finnigans.

A grey lace gown by Simone entirely embroidered with gun-metal and iridescent parma-violet sequins was Mrs. Bibury's choice for this important evening. Cut with a very straight skirt, its only decoration is a single pannier on each hip. The line of the strapless top is softened by a stole of grey organza. About 92 gns. from Rocha, Tina Berlyn of London, and Samuels of Manchester. Multi-colour iridescent sandals (barely visible) with matching bag are from Raynes (sandals 9½ gns. ; bag 8½ gns.). The long grey French fine suède gloves (The White House, £5 7s.) add a decorative note.

Mother's and daughter's jewellery—diamond necklaces, bracelets and ear-rings—came from Hunt and Roskell.

Tired but happy after such an exciting evening, Charlotte and her mother discuss the events of the day over a warm nightcap. Mrs. Bibury is wearing a pure silk suzette negligée in a becoming shade of currant red, lavishly trimmed with écru lace. Small blue bows give an amusing touch to the immensely full skirt. Price £31 1s. 5d.; matching nightdress £17 14s. 9d., both from Woollands. Charlotte relaxes in a white-spotted lime green housecoat in Horrocks cotton with an enormous wrap-over skirt. The bell-sleeves can be worn either pushed up, or three-quarter length; the top has small revers and buttons to the waist. Price £7 14s. (Woollands).

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE, APRIL 23, THE BIBURYS WILL BE GOING SHOPPING.

TALES WITH A STING

PISTOLS FOR TWO

By Bevis Winter

WITH a grunt of exasperation Pierre laid down his palette and brushes and crossed the studio to open the door: on the threshold stood a very prosperous-looking character. Despite the fact that the visitor had climbed fifty-nine stairs to the artist's Montmartre garret, he seemed not the least bit breathless. Anticipating a commission for a portrait, Pierre invited him in.

Without preamble the distinguished young visitor observed: "You are Pierre Cazalon, the artist, no?"

"But of course," smiled Pierre. "To what do I owe the honour of M'sieur's visit?"

The immaculate stranger stood twiddling his gold-ferruled stick. "You have doubtless heard of the Count de Brileau, M'sieur Cazalon?" he enquired.

Pierre, momentarily incautious, nodded.

"Excellent. I visit you on his behalf," confessed the visitor. "I am the Baron Dolin, Jules Dolin. A friend of the family. Actually, Monsieur, my call concerns Madame de Brileau—La Belle Tina."

Pierre was now conscious of a feeling of acute unease. He eyed the Baron closely, all visions of a profitable commission having receded. "Ah, La Belle Tina," he echoed, with just sufficient fervour.

"A beautiful woman," acknowledged Dolin. "She has taken rather a temperamental objection to your cartoon in yesterday's *Mid-Matin*. It has, shall we say, irritated the lady."

Pierre Cazalon bridled. "You joke, Baron. Madame is a very dear friend of mine! The sketch was a gesture. Just a bit of fun. She could take no objection to it! Why, La Belle Tina is renowned for her wonderful sense of humour. She even knew I was doing something of the sort."

The stranger smiled an inscrutable smile. Pierre guessed that Dolin could not know of his clandestine *affaire* with La Belle Tina. Surely there was some fantastic mistake somewhere?

The Baron went on talking. "The moment Madame saw that caricature of herself, she was sorely distressed! It was not kind of M'sieur to caption the sketch as he did. True enough, Madame has a wonderful figure, M'sieur, but your drawing is not in good taste. Madame is very annoyed about it. Even violent. She was throwing bric-à-brac about the salon when I left."

"You need not describe to me Madame's temperament," remarked Pierre, cuttingly. "I am quite well . . ."

The Baron smiled again: his calm demeanour made Pierre yearn to hit him over the head with a palette. "Monsieur Cazalon," he continued, "permit me to come to the point. The moment La Belle Tina saw this monstrous cartoon of herself in the paper she proceeded to vent her indignation upon the Count . . . she was, as I say, disturbed beyond words."

"It's fantastic," declared Pierre, with some heat. "Madame and I are good friends, I tell you!"

The Baron silenced him with a peremptory wave of the hand. "Permit me to proceed," he insisted. "Madame believes she will be a target for scorn. Ridiculed all over Paris. She says you have over-reached yourself. In brief, M'sieur, she has persuaded her husband to do something about it. I am representing the Count de Brileau, who wishes to seek satisfaction. The family honour, so to speak, is at stake."

"Her husband?" demanded Pierre, frowning. "Do you mean—a duel?"

The Baron, still smiling, nodded. "Madame insists," he told Pierre. "I am instructed to discuss the terms with you. But—there is another aspect of the matter."

Pierre was pouring two stiff bourbons from the cracked decanter. His mind was in a whirl. How could he explain to Baron Dolin that Madame de Brileau—La Belle Tina—and he, Pierre Cazalon, the poor artist, were lovers? How could he convince Dolin that there must obviously be some idiotic mistake? Two days before—the last time Pierre had seen La Belle Tina—he had held her in his strong arms and smothered her with his kisses, enjoying Madame's reciprocal caresses! It was absurd that Dolin could be in earnest. "Another aspect?" he queried.

"Indeed," announced Dolin. "You see, despite Madame's insistence, the Count is not at all keen on this duel. He is, shall we say, unaddicted to violence. Yet he dare not parade this reluctance before his wife, you understand. That would look like cowardice. But the Count, M'sieur Cazalon, hates the very sight of blood. So I am instructed to convey an arrangement to you."

"You are?" muttered Pierre miserably.

"Yes," continued the Baron, swallowing the bourbon with a practised jerk of the wrist. "I assume that you share the Count's distaste of violence, M'sieur? Naturally." He smiled. "Very well, then. Here is the plan. The duel will be fought in this manner. You will meet the Count to-morrow in the park at dawn. The pistols will be selected; you will retire thirty paces, turn, and fire. You, M'sieur, will fall down mortally wounded. Your seconds will rush to you, gather you up, take you to a waiting limousine and rush you away. That is all."

Pierre regarded the representative of this scheme irately. "Oh!" he snorted. "That is all, is it? I fall, mortally wounded? Bleeding like a pig, no doubt! In a paroxysm of agony. And what makes you so certain, Baron Dolin, that it is not your friend *the Count* who will fall mortally wounded and in a paroxysm of agony? How do you . . . ?"

The Baron interrupted him. "Please, M'sieur. Permit me to finish! You are too hasty. Let me explain. The pistols are not loaded with bullets, but with blank shot! Madame will not know the difference, you understand? She will see you fall, and her honour will have been satisfied." He shrugged. "As for yourself, you will be quite unharmed."

"It's utterly preposterous and unnecessary," Pierre commented uneasily. "Still, if what you say about the matter is correct, there is nothing to be done except to fall in with her husband's wishes. I agree. I will be there at dawn."

The Baron bowed. He then made his way to the door and walked out very sedately.

Pierre sat watching the closed door, meditating in confusion. He thought: This is just one of Tina's little pranks. I may as well go through with this nonsense. Probably she will be sorry when she sees me shot dead before her eyes. She will come rushing up to me in tears, consumed with chagrin and remorse. And wait until all this is over! Wait until I get that woman in my arms again! I'll make her regret this! To think that the last time I saw her she was so demanding and passionate. *Mon Dieu!* These women. . . .

At dawn the following morning Pierre arrived at the rendezvous with his seconds. The Count and his men were already there. Baron Dolin held out the case of pistols and the duellists selected their weapons. The three men winked slyly at each other, amused by the knavery of the situation. The gorgeous Madame de Brileau sat in her closed limousine, well beyond the grass bank, watching. Her lovely oval face was expressionless.

A bewhiskered, top-hatted *docteur* was in attendance, hovering near the scene. Signalling that all was in order, the master of ceremonies placed the duellists back to back and gave them final instructions.

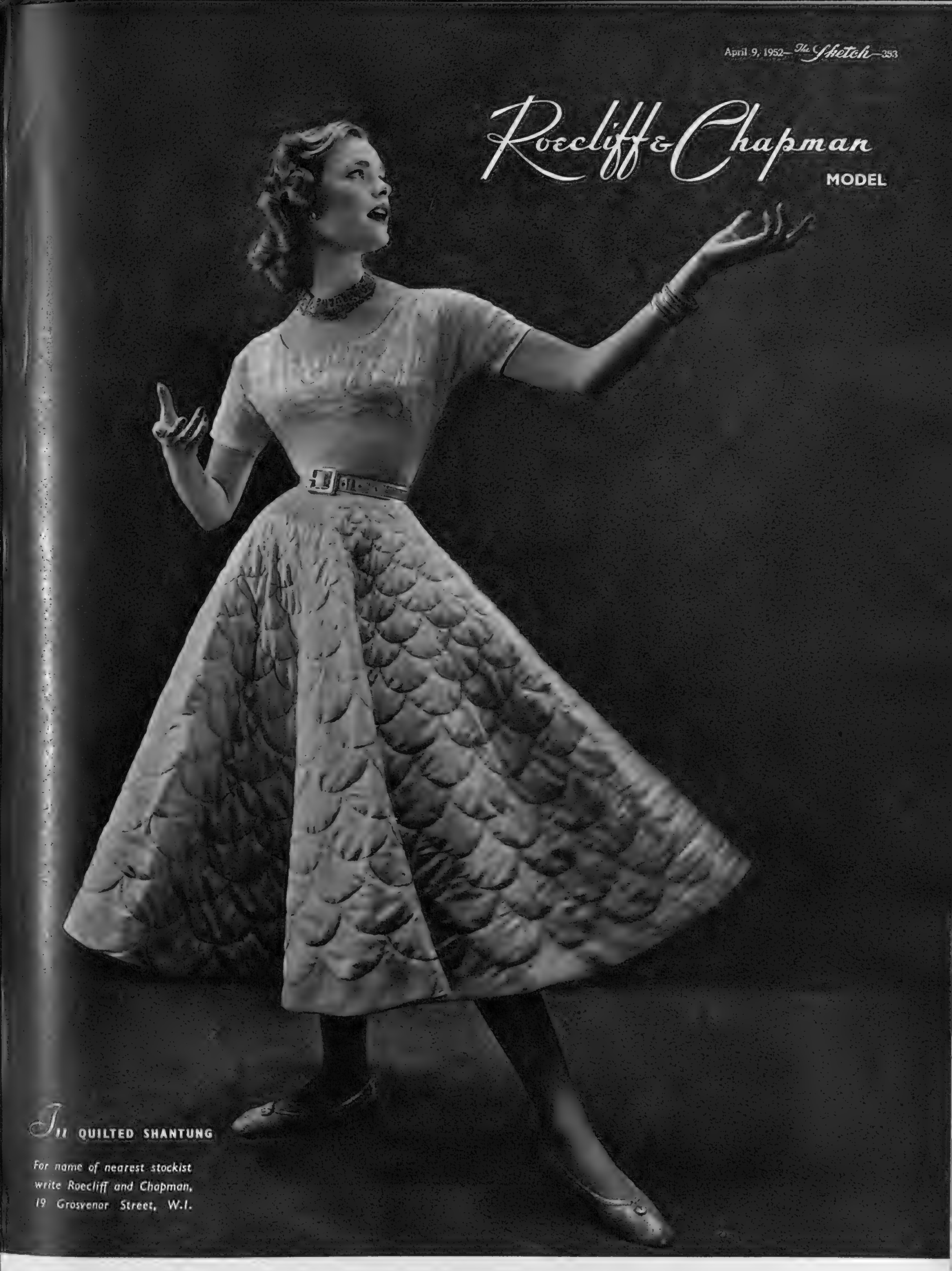
They walked forward; thirty paces.

Pierre turned and fired. Even as he pulled the trigger he felt a sharp, piercing pain in his chest, and looking down in horror, saw the rich, red blood oozing from his wound. He groaned and staggered. As he dropped he looked over to where the Count had been standing a moment earlier. The Count was now on the ground, the doctor rushing towards him as he writhed in death-agony on the damp turf.

That was the puzzling picture that Pierre took with him to oblivion.

* * *

La Belle Tina's beautifully moulded figure nestled closely against the tall, suave Baron Dolin. "It was a splendid idea, darling," she murmured, drawing down his head to meet her urgent lips. For a long moment she looked deeply into his big grey eyes; a wistful smile touched her lips. "All the same, Jules, that wasn't a bad little sketch of me in the *Mid-Matin*. Pierre really had genius."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The Menacing Muse of

MR. JOSEPH TISHLER

By James Dowdall

ALTHOUGH Britain has had a good year in the matter of world records and titles, news has reached me that one, which we have held for nearly fifty years, is receiving its first challenge. It is the World Laureateship of Erratic Verse. And until now, nobody has seriously questioned its title to the late William McGonagall, who was the pride of legal and academic Edinburgh during the 1890's, and whose broadsheets of thunderous doggerel, which he sold by their tacit license in the Parliament Hall, are now collectors' pieces amongst the literary *cognoscenti*.

McGonagall was an unsuccessful ham actor, living in Dundee, who, after years of frustrated effort to be recognised as a great poet, was taken up by the local newspaper editor, who thought that the monstrous badness of his work might hit his public's funny-bone as hard as it hit his own, and decided to try it out in print. It was a triumphant success. From the manse to the market-place the citizens held their sides over such lines as those in his saga of Bannockburn :

. . . And the cavalry was led on by King Edward himself—
An avaricious man, and fond of pelf.

and his celebration of the New Tay Bridge, which remarks :

And I hope thy designers, Messrs. Barlow and Arol will prosper for many a day,
For erecting thee across the silvery Tay.

Soon the gaunt, wild-eyed McGonagall, with his wide, black hat, assassin's cloak and Elijah-like staff brandished aloft to the cadence of his verses, became a national figure. The Faculty and students of Edinburgh combined in a reception which they gave him where, after his recitations, they invested him with the " Order of the White Elephant," everybody keeping a rigid face under pain of dire penalties. His fame reached England, and neither H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley of Cairo, Mr. Gladstone nor General Graham had the heart to prevent his using their names as " patrons " in his printed list. And even to-day, little cells of his admirers and collectors of " McGonagalliana " can be found all over the English-speaking world from Sydney to Harvard.

Now, however, a new name is being whispered among them. The challenger is an eighty-year-old ex-bushwhacker, whose brittle little form, bent forwards over his billy-cart of miscellaneous junk, is as familiar to residents in Melbourne as was McGonagall's barnstorming silhouette in Victorian Scotland. His name is Joe Tishler, and anyone reading his poem about a storm-tossed pleasure-steamer :

A stoutish man did growleth about the tossing of the sea ;
Said the steward, " Have a soda, and don't throw up to me."

will agree that McGonagall can spare him little weight. Moreover, there are several parallels between them. For while McGonagall addicts lament the thousands of verses lost into editorial waste-paper baskets before he became recognised, Tishler estimates that he has written a minimum of one poem per day for roughly sixty years—indeed, their two lyres were operating at once, on the same wave-length, as it were, for ten or more years.

Of the two, Tishler is the more modest ; for while McGonagall used to say, " To Shakespeare alone I bow the knee," Joe gives handsome praise to his fellow Australian poets :

Paterson's, Dyson's and | *Are favourites in many*
Henry Lawson's poems | *Near and far homes.*

Yet, art apart, McGonagall was full of respect for his betters and this poem balances well with his famous lines :

Oh stately mansion of Baldovan, | *Belonging to Sir John Ogilvie,*
Most beautiful to see ; | *Ex-M.P. for Dundee.*

Tishler, who writes as " Bellerive," got an earlier start than the Bard, having been under forty when the Sydney *Bulletin* discovered him and turned him on to write versified " Answers to Correspondents " which he has been doing ever since, acquiring thousands of admirers in the process. But it was only last year when Mr. J. K. Moir, literary leader of Melbourne's famous Bread and Cheese Club, arranged for his more notable poems to be presented to the Higher Criticism in book form; that the seal was set on his fame. Now all that remains is their appearance over here to decide the issue between him and the shade of the Master.

Tishler, however, suffers from one weakness, never tolerated by McGonagall for two consecutive lines, in that many of his verses fall into perfect scansion, as :

At a circus show some years ago, | *Music was played on an old jam-tin*
In a well-known country town, | *By a clever eccentric clown.*

Also, though McGonagall's love of high tragedy might well have envied " Bellerive's "

After having dispatched his | *A Demented Husband destroyed*
Two children and wife | *His own wretched life. . .*

perhaps even such a moving stanza misses the depths of pathos found in McGonagall's

Alas ! Noble Prince Leopold is dead,
Who often hath his lustre shed ;
Especially by singing for the benefit of Esher School,
Which proves that he was a wise Prince, and no conceited fool.

So perhaps, after all, we need not be too apprehensive of this long-held championship at last crossing the sea from Britain.

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● THE WORLD OF MOTORING

FUNCTIONAL DESIGN

By William Hartley

FUNCTIONAL design is a modern trend that we can all be thankful for. The combination of appeal to the eye with very satisfactory performance of its function is, in any article, the sign of much thought and craft—and I apply all this to the Vauxhall 2¼ Velox. I know that there are those who decry the very modern in car shape, but I am tempted to say that there is, perhaps, a tinge of jealousy behind it. For when new lines and forms bring easier use and increased comfort, I cannot but praise. Take the steering-wheel of this Velox. Beyond the fact that it is round and has a rim, it bears little or no resemblance to the conventional steering-wheel we had for so many years. With its two spokes, wide and shaped, it provides the most comfortable handling position one has ever experienced, the driver's two hands falling so naturally into the finger-ridges prepared for them. That is surely welcome, and it more or less sums up this car. I can say, too, that the hidden mechanical parts give just as much satisfaction, whether or not they are beautiful to behold. As one might expect, the Velox is quite a fast car and on one family outing to catch the year's first glimpse of the sea, our journey time took us all by surprise, which is proof enough.

The press-button door locks are, to my mind, a safety feature. But I am not sure that it is a good thing to have both front doors self-locking . . . it is too easy to lock yourself out of the car if you neglect to bring the key with you (which is easy, as you don't need it to lock the doors !) A spare under the bonnet somewhere is the solution, of course. The very big boot is opened simply from inside the car, which makes it secure and easy. The quite new engine cover or bonnet is also very nice. It opens from either side or can be lifted right off for adjustment or repair work—effective and ingenious.

Of the suspension, I would say this. It gives a very comfortable ride indeed—but when one really uses the power and speed and easy steering, and so indulges in a spell of fast driving, I think we could with advantage be held a little more rigidly. There was a little too much tendency to sway and pitch, and my back-seat passengers asked me to moderate the speed. I admit I was putting up a high average of about 48 in the hour on second-class roads, but with the power to do it I think I was within my rights. Perhaps the shock-absorbers could be set a little tighter to cover this ; it is no basic snag. And in any case, very few people drive in that fashion. So apart from that, the Velox gave us comfort, pleasant handling, and petrol-consumption figures on the economical side.

The eighteenth-century clubhouse of the Moor Park Golf Club at Rickmansworth forms a striking background to the modern functional design of the new Vauxhall 2¼ Velox reviewed on this page.

. . . and the man who gave himself immediate delivery :—

Mr. McAldowe, a Cheltenham business man, built this car himself at a cost of £20. The chassis is made of tubes clamped together and can be dismantled in twenty minutes. A 147 cc. motor-cycle engine provides the power and gives 120 miles to the gallon. The vehicle has car-type controls and is fully sprung.

THIS question of petrol economy is much to the fore. Yet another Chancellor has imposed a burden on motorists which makes any long journey or tour a costly business. But the introduction of the one price for taxation at £12 10s. as from next January does even things out for many people. In the case of a pre-war car of, say, 15 h.p., the amount saved next year in tax pays for the increased taxation on as many as 256 gallons of petrol. On the whole, I feel we must not grumble, as the national need must come first, but I do hope the manufacturers will not be thinking of small engines again. That kept us out of overseas sales for too long in the past. In any case, the post-war engine designs give so much better economy in petrol for a given engine size ; that is often not realised by those who are not lucky enough to own a post-war car. To any motorist, running either pre- or post-war car, I would say that with a little trouble it is surprising what can be done to get better mileage per gallon. I have seen too many engines hopelessly out of tune in the past, thus running very inefficiently. A thorough tune-up with reconditioning of carburettor and distributor by the makers will pay for itself in no time in petrol saved.

I MENTIONED before that the motor sport fixture list for this year is very full. Now even more major events are being added and more and more new cars being announced to take part in them. Hard on this comes the cancellation of the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb due in April. Now there's the rub, for slowness in receipt of entries is, I gather, the reason for the cancellation. I am rather afraid the various organisers may well find that there are too many events this year. Quite minor clubs have been granted licences to run national events by the R.A.C. I only hope I am wrong, and that they all have good entry lists and good crowds, but only good weather and good publicity combined with great public enthusiasm will bring that about. It will be interesting to watch what happens. If the wave of enthusiasm for organising events of all kinds is backed by equal enthusiasm on the part of the spectating public and the ability of competitors and cars to cover so many meetings, we shall take our place alongside the Continentals who " go motor-racing " on a scale never reached in this country. But for the enthusiast, the prospect of the next few months is vastly exciting. Then, at the end of the season, we shall be able to see racing cars displayed at the Motor Show for the first time. That is an innovation which will increase the spectacle value of the show.

THE months before us will, therefore, bring a veritable festival of motoring such as we have not seen in Great Britain before. More cars, more sport, and rather fewer holidays abroad will cram the roads. Let us hope that somehow the accident figures don't keep pace with it all, because if they do, the year will indeed be a black one. It may well see the first real drastic measures taken to combat this sorrowful aspect of motoring—to say nothing of cycling and walking, too.

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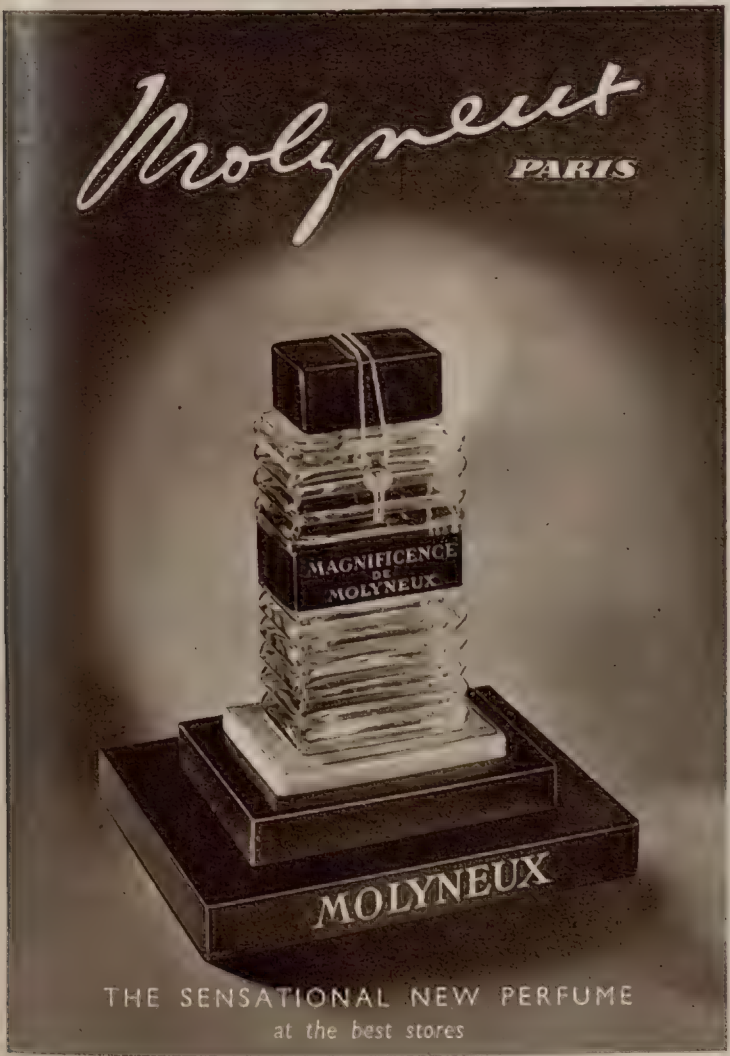

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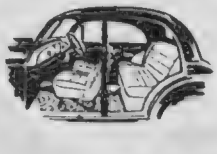
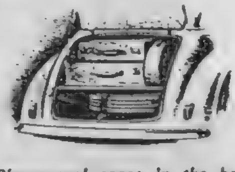
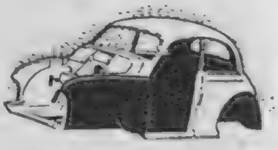


Roomy seating is within the wheelbase, where seats should be for riding comfort, free from road shocks.



Phenomenal space in the boot provides 7 cubic feet for the storage of luggage. The spare wheel is accessible without unloading.



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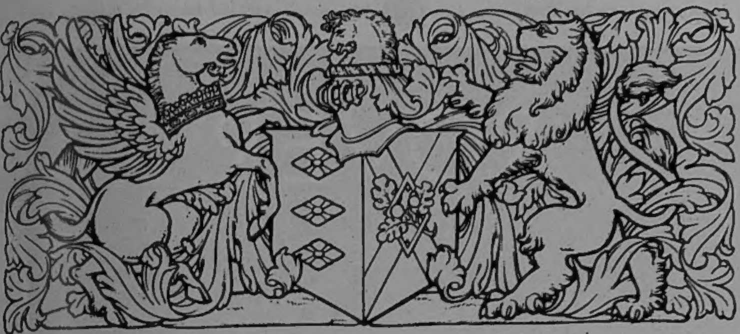

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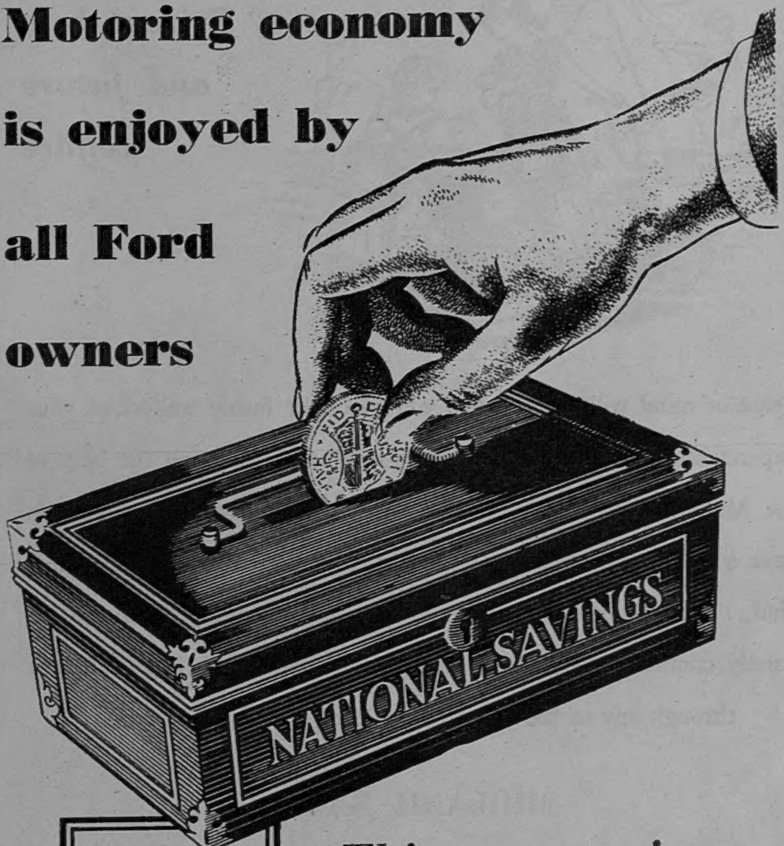

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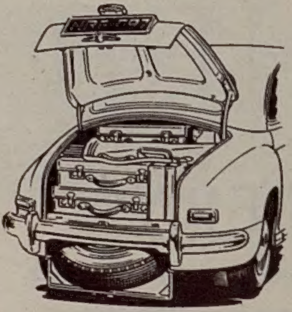

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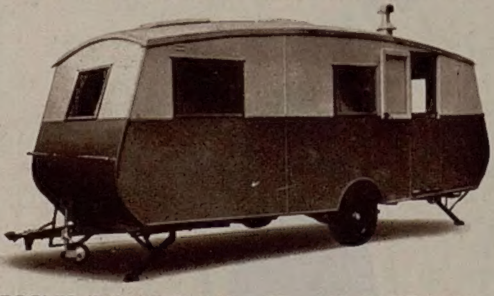

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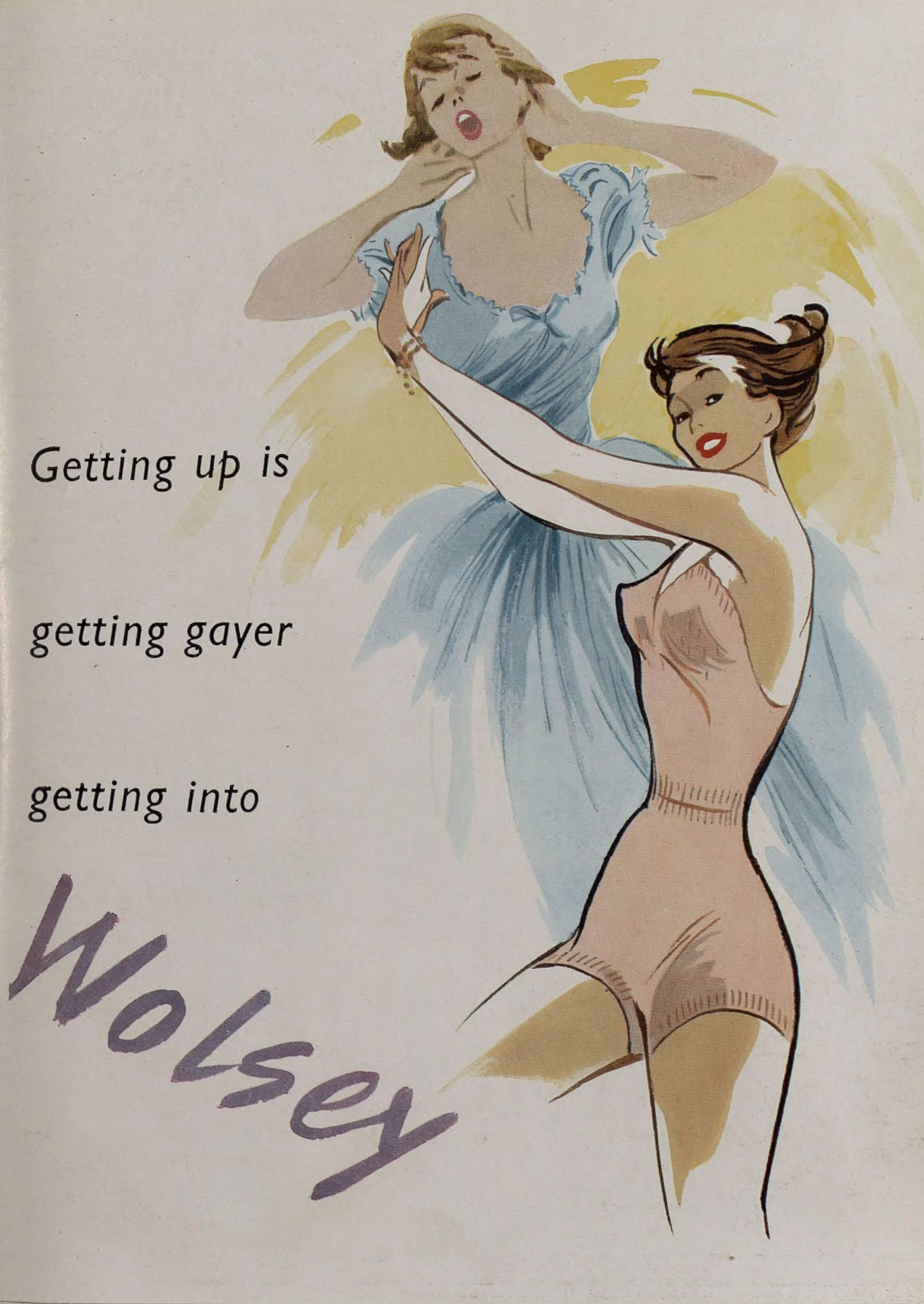

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